

B.A.P. s

by

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Director: Robert Townsend

FADE IN --

EXT. - 125th STREET - ESTABLISHING SHOT

Early signs of spring. WE SEE and FEEL the vivacious energy of Harlem. Adults sitting on cars and drinking beer, old men outside playing cards, vendors selling everything from clothing to roach bait. And a group of Homeys hangin' as they check out the passing Honies.

CUT TO:

EXT. JOHNSON'S JOINT - SOUL FOOD RESTAURANT - 125th STREET

A shack on the corner. The line extends out the door as customers await the next available tables.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHNSON'S JOINT

TIGHT ON an overly crowded grill. Hamburgers sizzling, bacon frying, buns grilling, etc... O.S. WE HEAR D.J. FUNK MASTER FLEX kicking the latest hits on Hot 97 FM. A woman's hand ENTERS FRAME. Snapping her fingers to the beat, her nails are long enough to legally license her as handicapped. Reaching for a spatula, she methodically flips the food on the grill. She then slaps several strips of well done bacon onto a plate beside buttered grits, greasy eggs and burnt toast. Just then, another woman's hand - with equally long nails - REACHES INTO FRAME and grabs the plate of food.

WE FOLLOW the plate of food as the girl turns and places the plate on the counter in front of NATE, 53.

NATE

(snarling)

Now why you had'ta go burn
my toast, baby?

From his POV, WE MEET NISI MATTHEWS, aka "NISI," mid 20's. Plain-Jane, in appearance, a fish net stocking covers her hair and a black, smock apron is draped over her street clothes. WE SEE she's now busy adding water to an empty bottle of ketchup.

NISI

(moving to the beat)

You said you wanted everything
"well done."

(singing & dancing)

Up, down, side to side if ya ain't
got the fever don't fake the ride...

Nisi continues to sing and dance. Nate stares at her seductively swaying body for several beats.

NATE

(licking his lips)

Gurl, you know I like my toast
like I like my women. Medium
brown, nice and dry. I like'ta
butter it up myself and put
a lil' fruit jam on the sides.

Disgusted, Nisi frowns at Nate as she grabs his plate and walks toward the sink beside the grill. Still flipping the food, WE NOW MEET TAMIKA PARKS, aka "MICKEY," mid 20's.

NISI

(to Mickey)

In a minute, he gonna be wearin'
this damn food. Nasty ass man.
He ain't nothin' but a Sahara
Desert, shriveled up, prune packin'
old goat.

MICKEY

Don't pay him no mind.

Nisi reaches for a butter knife, takes the toast and vigorously scrapes the blackened area off the toast with the butter knife.

NISI

(whispering to Mickey)

I just can't wait til' we get
outta' here.

MICKEY

Girl, the thought of havin' our own
place one day is the only thing
that keeps me sweatin' over
this here swine.

(excited)

At our place, it's gonna be
nothin' but...

NISI

...fly hair-styles for the head!

MICKEY

And, soul food for the soul!

The girls exchange high fives and burst into laughter. Nisi plops the scraped "medium brown" toast, back onto the plate and plops it down in front of the now pleased, Nate.

FEMALE CUSTOMER
Where'z my ketchup?

NISI
Ya ketchup's comin' M'am!
(shouting to back)
Mr. Johnson, we need some ketchup
up here!

MR. JOHNSON, 48, a fast talking, jerry-curled, eye bulging, man
pops his head out the back door.

MR. JOHNSON
I done told ya fifty-eleven
times not'a bother me when this
here door's closed.

NISI
Yeah, but...

MR. JOHNSON
...no butts about it. I'm back
here cuttin' ya pay checks. Now,
you know you want'cha money, right?
Am I right? Sure I'm right. All
right now.

Slam. Mr. Johnson's gone.

MICKEY
He ain't got no business runnin' a
restaurant.
(then)
Hand me some sugar.

Nisi gives Mickey the sugar jar off the counter. Mickey pours the
sugar into a blender. She then opens a can of tomato sauce and
pours it into the blender, followed by a few drops of A-1 steak
sauce and several other spices. Nisi looks at her questionably.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
(off Nisi's look)
Ketchup, girl. Just like...

NISI
(smiling)
...ya Grandmama used'a make.

CUSTOMER (O.S.)
Can I pa-leeze order already?!

The girls turn to see an overweight "Ms. Piggy" looking woman

gazing at them.

MICKEY
(extreme sarcasm)
Like she's starvin'?!

Mickey quickly blends her "ketchup" concoction and pours it into the empty ketchup bottle.

NISI
Damn, I still gotta clear the tables
and clean my section before Ali and
James pick us up.

MICKEY
Go ahead. I'll take care of
Blubba.

Nisi grabs a rag, the bottle of ketchup and exits. WE FOLLOW Mickey as she steps up to the over weight customer at the counter.

CUSTOMER
(to Mickey)
I'll have...nah, I don't want
that. Um...lemme have...
Oh, lawd, now I can't make up
my mind. What'z good?

MICKEY
Nothin'.

CUSTOMER
Say what?

MICKEY
Ain't nothin' good about
"Slave Food." Everything on
the menu is either cooked with
PIG, dipped in PIG, or topped
with PIG. It's only a matter
of time until you look just
....like a PIG.

Off the woman's puzzled expression, WE CUT TO:

DINING ROOM AREA

Nisi busies herself clearing tables and sitting customers. As she moves over to another table in need of clearing, she spots "The National Informer" newspaper. Snatching the paper off the table, she accidentally drops a page. She kneels down to pick up the page. She focuses in on an already circled section in the classified ads.

TIGHT ON CLASSIFIED AD

Still kneeling, Nisi reads the ad out loud.

NISI

WOMEN OF COLOR: Here's your chance
to star in a Music Video and earn
10,000.00 in just one week!
Be a Star and "Live" like a Star!
For more info: Send Photo and
letter to...

MR. JOHNSON (O.S.)

I know you ain't readin' on my time!

Startled by Mr. Johnson's voice, Nisi turns to find Mr. Johnson standing over her. She quickly grabs the ad, folds it up and tucks it into her pocket.

NISI

Ah, no. I waz just...

MR. JOHNSON

...readin' on my time. That'z
gonna cost ya.

Mr. Johnson removes Nisi's check from his pocket and tears it up.

MR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Ya new, check will be ready for
ya before you leave. Minus ten
dollars that is.

NISI

What'dya mean minus ten
dollars? I waz just pickin' up...

MR. JOHNSON

...make that twenty dollars.

(off her look)

Now don't be cuttin' ya eyes at
me, Missy. I'm the Captain of
this ship and if ya can't stand
the heat, get out the kitchen!

Biting her tongue, Nisi heads for the door. Stopping abruptly, she turns and defiantly locks eyes with Mr. Johnson. Off his coy smile, Nisi looks away and begrudgingly begins to clear another table.

CUT TO:

EXT. 125th STREET

Visibly depressed, Mickey and Nisi stroll down the street.

MICKEY

I can't believe Ali and James stood
us up, again!

NISI

I'm too through with him.
See, that's why I'm sayin' I
ain't got nothin' to lose.

MICKEY

What'ya mean you got nothin'
to lose. That ad's probably
some kinda' pimp scam or
somethin'. You send a photo
and a letter, next thing you
know, they're sending you off
to Bangkok or somewhere. You'll
be a Hoe for life.

NISI

You don't know that.

(excited)

Ten thousand dollars, Mickey.
C'mon. That's more than
enough money for us to open the
Salon. Girl, pinch me!

(Mica pinches her)

Ouch! What'd you do that for?

MICKEY

A salon and a restaurant!

NISI

You know what I mean.

The girls stop to admire a vendor selling fake Designer clothing.
WE SEE Chanel jewelry, purses, Gucci suits, Versace, etc...

NISI (CONT'D)

We deserve shit like this,
you know? The best.

(smiling)

Maybe I'm meant to be a star
and findin' that ad waz a sign
from God.

ALI (O.S.)

You already a star.

Mickey and Nisi turn to find ALI MOORE, 26 and JAMES LLOYD, 25, standing beside them. Handsome, they're dressed in typical "homeboy" fashion. Ali kisses Nisi.

ALI (CONT'D)
Hey, baby. Sorry I waz late.
But you know, shit couldn't wait.

NISI
(pulling away)
Nah, un. You can just stop at
sorry cuz you'ze a sorry ass
excuse for a boyfriend.

JAMES
Oh, shit.

MICKEY
And you can stop at shit!
Need I say more?

ALI
Yo, wait up. You don't even
know why we're late.

NISI
All I know is ya poor ass can't
even show up in time to walk us
home from work.

ALI
Cuz you ain't gonna be walkin,
much longer. We waz checkin' out
that BMW Eric's sellin'. Brand new 95'.

JAMES
He sellin' it for half the cost.

MICKEY
If he waz givin' it away, ya ass
still couldn't afford it, James.
You ain't even got a job!

ALI
Yo we gonna be ALL in it - in a
minute.

JAMES
Yep, check it out, we gonna buy
Eric's BMW and start our own "luxury"
gypsy cab business. And guess what?

ALI
We know how ya'll hate workin'
for Mr. Johnson so...
(proudly)
We got a job for y'all too.

JAMES
(off their looks)
That's right, baby. You finna
blow up the spot and make some
crazy cash workin' as our dispatchers
and washin' our cars. You know,
keep'em lookin' pretty and shit.

NISI
Say what? Uh, un. Come on, Mickey.

ALI
Yo, yo, yo..where you goin' with
ya pretty ass self?

NISI
To find someone to keep me lookin'
pretty god dammit! Talkin' bout
some stupid ass car!

JAMES
Oh, so it's like that, right?

Walking away, Mickey and Nisi ignore the guys as they hop into a gypsy cab.

CUT TO:

INT. MICKEY AND NISI'S APARTMENT

The girls are running around their poorly furnished, studio apartment, getting dress. No longer Plain-Jane's, they look gorgeous in their baggy jeans with low swung crotches and mid-driff t-shirts. Mickey is using a wrench to turn off the kitchen sink faucet.

MICKEY
Luxury gypsy cab business!
Is they crazy?

NISI
It's just time to move on.
I can do bad by myself.

Nisi tries to light the stove with a burning piece of newspaper.

NISI (CONT'D)
(burning herself)
Ouch! Did they cut off the gas
again?

MICKEY
You know our super ain't about to
spend his liquor money on no gas
bill.

NISI
Shit, I wanted'ta press my hair out.
(then)
Where'z my baseball cap?

Nisi shuffles through a pile of clothes on the floor, searching for
her cap.

NISI (CONT'D)
You know, one day we gonna
look back on all this shit
and laugh.

MICKEY
Girl pa-leeze, I'm laughin' now.
(then)
Hand me my cap too.

Nisi finds their baseball caps at the bottom of the pile. The
girls put their caps on, flipped to the back. As they head for the
door O.S. WE SUDDENLY HEAR the sound of a drunk man's voice.

MAN (O.S.)
Kneezi! Kneezi!

Nisi angrily runs to the window. Pushing the white sheet for a
curtain aside, she sticks her head out the window. Nisi glares
through the layer of the fire escapes. From her POV and two
stories below, WE SEE an old black man with blood shot eyes,
staring up at her, MEET the SUPER, MR. REYNOLDS, late 50's.

NISI
It's "Ni-si" not "Kneezi!"
Why don't you put your teeth in
ya mouth before you call yourself
shoutin' at someone!? What'chu want!?

MR. REYNOLDS
I want my rent money, gurl!

NISI
And people in hell WANT water!
I ain't payin' you a penny til'
you pay the gas bill, fix the sink...

MICKEY
...the toilet!

NISI
...yeah, the toilet!

MICKEY
...and buy us a microwave!

NISI
...and buy us a microwave!
(turning toward Mickey)
Microwave?

Mickey shoots her a "it can't hurt to ask" look. Nisi quickly pops her head back out the window.

NISI (CONT'D)
Throw in a dishwasher while ya
at it!

MR. REYNOLDS
I ain't doin' nothin' til ya'll
give me my money! Don't nobody
live nowhere without payin' some
dog-on rent!

Irritated, Nisi slams the window down and close.

NISI
I ain't thinkin' bout him.
C'mon. Let's get outta here.

The girls grab their jackets and head for the door.

MICKEY
(imitating Mr. Reynolds)
Don't nobody live nowhere without
payin' some dog-on rent! But if
ya wanna come on down here lick
the liquor off my gums...

CUT TO:

EXT. BENTLEY'S NIGHT CLUB - ESTABLISHING SHOT

TIGHT ON a banner above the club entrance which reads, "Ladies"

Night - Free Admission for Ladies only." A crowd of primarily African-Americans are gathered around the club entrance.

CUT TO:

INT. BENTLEY'S NIGHT CLUB

The place is packed. CAMERA PANS through and across the crowded dance floor until WE SEE Mickey and Nisi leaning against the bar. J.J., a slightly over weight, gold toothed guy and his BEAN POLE, BONE SKINNY side kick, TERRANCE, are trying to flirt with Nisi and Mickey.

MICKEY

Hey, Nisi, ain't you thirsty?

NISI

(to Terrance)

Um, hm. I'd love a St. Ives, baby.

J.J.

(to bartender)

Hey, Money!? Four St. Ives.

Popping the tops, the bartender places the bottles in front of them.

BARTENDER

That'll be sixteen dollars even.

The guys turn toward the girls. Mickey and Nisi smile at them sweetly. The guys return the smiles. They all stare at each other for several beats. O.S. the bartender clears his throat in an attempt to gain their attention. They all turn to look at the bartender, then each other. Mickey and Nisi exhale with disgust. With attitude, Mickey pushes her drink back toward the bartender.

MICKEY

Forget it, I ain't thirsty.

C'mon D, I gotta go to the bathroom!

TERRANCE

Wait, wait, hold up. It's ladies night. Ya'll got in free. The least you could do is buy us a drink.

NISI

Shiiit, not in this life time.

Nisi and Mickey turn to walk away. Terrance yanks Nisi by her arm, pulling her back toward him. Nisi struggles to free herself from his grip. In a matter of seconds, Mickey shoves the guy off Nisi.

MICKY

Don't be pullin' on her like that!
You ain't her daddy!

TERRANCE

I ain't yours either but if you don't
mind your B.I. business, I'ma give you
the ass wippin' ya' daddy should've.

MICKY

Ah, drop dead you ol' funky, Martin
Lawrence wanna-be. Only thing funny
about you is that tacky C&R suit you
probably stole from the Starvation Army.

Just as Mickey reaches to grab Nisi again, Terrance grabs Mickey's wrist firmly and twists it. Mickey screams in pain. Suddenly a man's hand grabs Terrance and shoves him to the ground. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL Ali and James, fuming mad. J.J. is now sprawled out on the floor. Terrance quickly lets go of Nisi. A crowd gathers around. Mickey and Nisi hover behind Ali and James.

JAMES

(to J.J.)

Get up so I can knock ya ass down
again. GET UP!

TERRANCE

Yo, man...

Before Terrance can finish his sentence Ali shoves him onto the ground beside J.J.

ALI

If you even look at these ladies
again you gonna catch a bullet in
ya ass? You got that?

Shaking their heads "yes," Terrance and J.J. quickly turn their gaze away from Mickey and Nisi. Bystanders break out into laughter. Embarrassed, J.J. and Terrance stand up and "pimp" walk out the club. The crowd disperses. Nisi and Mickey hug Ali and James.

NISI

What're you doin' here?

ALI

Watchin' over you.

JAMES

(to Nisi and Mickey)

Have a seat.

Nisi and Mickey beam with pride as they sit.

ALI
(to bartender)
Ey, my man? Lemme get four
St.Ives over here.

The bartender eyes the girls, curiously. The girls flash him a reassuring smile. The bartender reaches for four bottles and begins to pop the tops off.

ALI (CONT'D)
Yo, I'm sorry I waz late today, D.

NISI
(kissing him)
That's alright. You were right on
time tonight...

JAMES
...and from now on.
Just then the bartender places their drinks in front of them. The guys turn toward the girls. Mickey and Nisi smile at them sweetly. The guys return their smiles. They all stare at each other for several beats. O.S. the bartender clears his throat. They all turn to look at the bartender, then each other. Annoyed, the bartender removes their drinks. Mickey and Nisi quickly stand.

MICKEY
Oh, no! Hell, no!

ALI
Ah, c'mon, it's ladies night!

JAMES
Yeah, y'all got in free!

WE HOLD on James and Ali's baffled expressions as Mickey and Nisi disappear into the crowd. Just then, Ali runs after Nisi.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Yo, man...c'mon. I can't do
nothin' right by Mickey.

Ali ignores James as he pushes his way through the crowd. Spotting Nisi, he grabs her gently by the arm.

NISI
Let go of me.

ALI

No. I wanna talk to you.

(then)

What'z up with 'chou? Why
you flippin' the script? Treatin'
me like a step child and shit.

NISI

Maybe cuz I want more. I deserve more.

ALI

You think I dunno that, baby?
I'm tryin' to make shit happen.

NISI

You been tryin' for years and
ain't a thing happenin'. Ali,
you can't even keep a job. One
minute you're doing this, the next
minute you're into that. Half the
time you don't even know if you're
comin' or goin'. I'm tired of tryin'
to figure you out.

ALI

You can't figure out Ali...It's
all part of my mystic, baby.

NISI

(standing)

I gotta go.

ALI

(standing)

C'mon. I'm just playin' with 'chou.

NISI

I done playin' Ali. I want a life.
I want a future, a family...
a man with ambition, dreams...

ALI

I got dreams, what'dya think my
luxury gypsy cab service is?

NISI

I'm sorry but your dreams don't
turn out to be nothin' but a
bunch of nightmares. You ain't
even got your driver's license!

ALI

Oh, and your shit's just wired for
sound and ready to roll, right?

NISI

I've been workin' towards one
dream and one dream only since
High School and you know that!

ALI

If you wanna do hair so bad,
do hair. Go get a job greasin'
scalps somewhere.

NISI

Greasin' scalps?! Uh, huh.
You straight up buggin'. I'm
checkin' for my own Salon!

ALI

But see, that's the problem.
On a serious tip, you and Mickey
need to get a grip. I ain't
ever heard of a restaurant with
a "hair salon" in the back!
A Salonaurant!
(laughing)
That shit's wack!

NISI

Laugh if you wanta but, I'ma
have my Salon and Mickey will
have her restaurant!

ALI

Yeah, and how ya'll gonna pay
for it, huh?

NISI

Don't worry about it.
(false confidence)
I got the money.

ALI

Now you know you ain't never
been good at lyin'.

Wishing she wasn't lying, Nisi drops her head and looks away.
O.S. the D.J. spins Toni Braxton's "You Mean The World To Me."
Ali attempts to embrace her.

ALI
They playin' our song.
C'mon, let'z dance.

NISI
(fighting tears)
Nah. This used'a be our song.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LATE EVENING - ESTABLISHING SHOT

The streets quiet and empty except for a crack head lookin' through garbage cans.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT

With a doo-rag wrapped around her head, Mickey is sound asleep. O.S. WE HEAR the crumbling sound of paper. CAMERA PANS ACROSS THE ROOM to find Nisi huddled in a corner. Using the light from a flash light, Nisi is surrounded by crumbled up pieces of paper. WE also SEE several unflattering snap shots of Nisi, on the floor beside her. With note pad and pen in hand, Nisi picks up the page from the National Informer. WE HOLD ON Nisi for several beats as she stares at the ad, sighs deeply and once again, begins to write.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. JOHNSON'S JOINT - ONE WEEK LATER -

CAMERA IS TIGHT on a man's hand as he slams it on a bell.

MAN (O.S.)
Order up, I said!

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL Mr. Johnson flipping food at the grill. Rushing, Nisi quickly retrieves several plates of food on the counter top beside him.

MR. JOHNSON
Gurl, you move slower than
molasses rollin' up a hill.

NISI
(through her teeth)
Kiss my ass.

MR. JOHNSON
What'chou say?

NISI
(forced smile)
I'm tryin' to move fast.

MR. JOHNSON
Alright, now. Don't make me
hafta' take mo' money out ya
check like I did last week.

Eying him venomously, Nisi balances the plates on each arm as she exits. WE FOLLOW her as she brushes by several other waitresses, including Mickey, as she exits.

MR. JOHNSON
Mickey, hand me the flavored
grease out the fridge.

Mickey places several order checks on the clip board in front of the grill.

MICKEY
I threw that grease away.
It waz almost a year old.

MR. JOHNSON
What? It waz just gettin' good.
Now, howd'a hell am spose to
season my collard greens? You
ain't had no business... alright,
Gonna cost'cha ten dollars
out'cha check tomorrow.
(then)
Watch this here food while
I get some grease from the back.

Mr. Johnson exits. Mickey begrudgingly steps up to the grill. Just then an overgreased, bald headed customer, wearing a blue polyester suit steps up to the counter and yells at her.

CUSTOMER (O.S.)
Where's my butter?! My corn
bread's damn near cold already.

Rolling her eyes, Mickey reaches into the fridge and removes two thin slabs of butter.

CUSTOMER
This here'll barely butter
a bite. I'ma need at least
four more pieces.

MICKEY
(deep sigh)
Fine. It's gonna cost ya twenty
five cents a piece.

CUSTOMER
I never had to pay for it before.
I always get extra butter. And I
ain't eatin' no dry asa cornbread.

MICKEY
Then roll it across ya greasy head
before you eat but you best get
outta' my face cuz you standin' on
my last nerve and this job
ain't worth arguing wit' no fat,
uptown, low rent, greasy headed,
B-budget, stank skunk booty bastard
like you!

Nisi catches an earful of Mickey's progressive rage. Just as she's
about to intervene, her beeper goes off. Looking down to turn it
off, she notices and CAMERA FEATURES the BEEPER SCREEN. WE SEE the
"310" California area code flashing. A surprised expression
quickly registers on Nisi's face. She tries to get Mickey's
attention.

CUSTOMER
Where'z Mr. Johnson at?

NISI
(to customer)
Just a minute, please. Mickey, you
ain't gonna believe this....

MICKEY
Girl, go get Mr. Johnson for
me before I have to pop
Kojak's head like a pimple.

CUSTOMER
Where'z Mr. Johnson?!

The customer is now making a scene. Mickey is seconds away from
losing her patience.

MICKEY
Ten, nine, eight, seven, six...

Unable to deal with the situation, WE FOLLOW Nisi as she runs to a
pay phone in the corner of the restaurant.

Nisi dials the number on her beeper screen. Excited, she listens for several beats. She then removes a hand full of change from her pocket and inserts the coins into the phone.

COUNTER

Mr. Johnson smiles graciously as he gives the impatient customer a stick of butter. Mickey stands beside Mr. Johnson, fuming with anger. As the customer leaves, looking back at Mickey, he cuts his eyes.

MICKEY

Ya' Momma!

MR. JOHNSON

I don't need you abusin' my customers!

PAY PHONE -

NISI

Yes. I also look forward to meeting you. Good-bye.

Nisi hangs up the phone. As she turns around, she's surprised to see Mickey standing behind her. She's even more surprised when Mickey hands her belongings.

NISI (CONT'D)

What'z this?

MICKEY

We've been fired.

NISI

Uh, huh!

Nisi quickly removes her apron and throws it in Mr. Johnson's direction.

NISI

Yo, Simon Legree?! You can't fire us cuz we QUIT! You got that?! Next time you see me, it'll be on T.V.!

MR. JOHNSON

Yeah, on "America's Most Wanted!" Get'cha tail on outta' here!

MICKEY

Nisi?! What'z gotten into you?

NISI
Girl, pinch me! You ain't
gonna believe what just happened.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - LATER - EVENING

Sitting by the stove, Nisi is pressing Mica's hair with a hot comb. Geling with Ambrose after she presses, WE SEE she knows exactly what she's doing. She's smooth, fast and the results are "ghetto-girl" fierce.

NISI
(disappointedly)
Now why you gotta go there? I
talk to him. His name is Isaac.
Isaac Beatty. He sound like
a nice guy. He's even sending
me a first class, round trip
ticket to L.A.

MICKEY
But, D., you don't even know who the
singer is! Are you crazy?!

NISI
It's a band. Like a jazz band or
somethin'.
(then)
And when I ain't profilin' in
fronta' the camera, you know I'ma
be lookin' for my baby's father.
Shit, ain't nothin' but rich men
in Beverly Hills!

Mickey looks at Nisi as if she's lost her mind.

NISI (CONT'D)
Look, I ain't checkin' for no
negativity right now, okay?
Ain't nothin' here for us, Mickey.
We don't even have a job anymore.

MICKEY
So, we'll find another one!

NISI
Where? It took us half a year
just'a find the tired ass job we had.

Nisi looks Mickey straight in the eye.

MICKEY
 I can't believe you're serious
 about this!?
 (sadly)
 What about me?

They lock eyes for several beats until Nisi embraces her warmly.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY - RAP MUSIC KICKS IN -

CAMERA IS TIGHT ON A BOOK entitled, "Beverly Hills Four Star Hot Spots." Lowering the book from in front of her face, WE SEE it's MICKEY. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL Nisi's sitting beside her. Wearing a similar "hoochie-coochie" outfit with fake Chanel jewelry, WE SEE Nisi is intensely taking notes from "Emily Post's Book of Etiquette." Their hairstyles are identical in the typical "round the way girl" fashion. Pressed, greased, and trimmed with streaks of metallic gold glitter. Baby hair's pumpin'- lip gloss shinin'. Mickey tosses the book aside.

MICKEY
 Damn! It says here, rich and famous
 people hang out at the...Polo Lounge?

NISI
 So?

MICKEY
 So, we dunno know howd'a play no
 damn polo.

NISI
 Then, look in the book and see if
 you can find a "basketball" lounge.

Mickey enthusiastically flips through the guide book in search of a basketball lounge. Nisi continues to take notes from her book.

MICKEY
 I really want you know I appreciate
 what you did. You know, cashin' your
 first class ticket in for two coach.
 tickets.
 (off Nisi's silence)
 I just hope he don't mind you
 bringin' a friend.

NISI
 (frustrated)
 Girl you'ze just one big worry wart.
 What'd I say, huh? You ain't my

NISI (CONT'D)
friend. You're my,
(flipping through her notes)
my "Girl Friday".

MICKEY
"Girl Friday?" Who the hell am I
spose to be Monday through Thursday?
You better look through that book
and find somethin' else to call me.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAX AIRPORT

UP BEAT MUSIC KICKS IN. CAMERA IS TIGHT on the nose of a 747
airplane as it touches down on the runway.

INT. LAX

WE SEE passengers exiting the plane. Families and friends exchange
greetings. Boiling over with excitement, Mickey and Nisi exit the
plane. They're both wearing fake Chanel glasses far too big for
their faces. They're also toting "fake" overstuffed Gucci carry on
bags. Scanning the area, they spot the "Baggage Claim" sign and
head in that direction. Suddenly, Mickey screams at the top of her
lungs.

MICKEY
Oh, shit! "Lady Love!"

From Mickey's POV, WE SEE L.L. Cool J walking through the airport
with his entourage. Mickey takes off after him, followed by an
equally excited Nisi.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON L.L. COOL J

Mickey and Nisi rush up to him and stands directly in front of him,
blocking his path.

MICKEY
(slapping him five)
Damn, Lady Love in the flesh!

L.L. COOL J
Yeah, here I am.

MICKEY
Ain't nothin' like a brothah who
practices what he preaches.

NISI

(to Mickey)

And he do too. Remember we read
in "Right On" that he finally married
his babie's Momma?

(to L.L.)

Lemme tell you, you'ze a man cuz
I know these Hoes be throwin'
pootang at you left and right...

MICKEY

Remember Tit-tit told us she
slept with him?

NISI

(to Mickey)

Um, hmm. So did Precious and LaTosha.
Precious said, he had it goin' on!

Embarrassed by Mickey and Nisi's ability to discuss him as if he
weren't present, L.L. smiles and politely extends his hand to them.

L.L. COOL J

Uh, it waz nice meetin' ya'll
but I hafta' rush to the studio.

NISI

(proudly)

Oh, I'm here'ta do a video myself.
I'm finna blow up the spot!

(then)

Don't worry, I ain't gonna let
it go to my head.

L.L. COOL J

That'z great. Good luck to you.

NISI

Alright now.

MICKEY

Nice meetin' ya. Take care.

L.L. smiles, licks his lips and walks away.

MICKEY

(shouting after him)

Keep lickin'em lips. Oh, and...
I know you with'cha babie's Momma
but, if shit don't work out...

Nisi elbows Mickey in the ribs, silencing her.

MICKEY

Ouch!

CUT TO:

INT. LAX - BAGGAGE CLAIM

Stepping off the escalator, Mickey and Nisi see several men holding signs with names on them.

NISI
(excited)

Ooh, look for my name, look for
my name, girl.

From their POV, WE SEE none of the signs have Nisi's name on them.

MICKEY

You sure he said'ta meet'em at
the baggage claim?

NISI

Yeah, I'm sure. I think.

Just then, CAMERA FEATURES ANTONIO RICCIO, a handsome, olive complexioned, Italian man in his mid 20's. He's also weaving through the crowd. Dressed in a suit and tie, he looks as if he just stepped off the cover of a Harlequin romance novel. Mickey spots him instantly.

MICKEY

Now, that's the baby's father!

ANTONIO

(thick Italian accent)

Pardon me, are you Mr. Beatty's
guest, Ms. Smith?

Nisi's eyes widen at the mention of her name. She also sees, Antonio is holding a sign which has her name on it.

NISI

Excuse me?

(proudly pointing to sign)
You lookin' for me. I'm Nisi.

ANTONIO

Perfecto. Isaac sent me to you.

(then)

I believe your luggage will
be over there. You like, maybe
I carry your bag?

Nisi gladly gives him her carry on bag. Distrustful, Mickey opts to carry her own.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMOUSINE

Driving, Antonio periodically eyes the girls from his rear view mirror. Sitting in the back of the limousine, Mickey and Nisi are in the midst of a heated discussion. Mickey is also stuffing her pockets with miniature bottles of vodka, tequila, etc...

CLOSE ON GIRLS

MICKEY

I didn't see that sign in his hand.

NISI

(frustrated)

TaMica, I'm warnin' you...

MICKEY

Damn, you ain't even rich or famous yet and already you changin'.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS FLATS

The car turns down Elm Street. The girls are hanging out of the sun roof, "oohing and aahhing" at the beautiful homes, cars, etc... As the driver pulls up to a beautiful three story colonial estate, the girls jump back into their seats and strike an "I'm not impressed" pose. The iron gate opens.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR

MICKEY/NISI

Girl, pinch me!

Nisi is now sweating bullets.

NISI

Mickey. I lied. I am scared. I don't think I can do this.

MICKEY

You can. You're cool like that. You're chill like that, say it.

NISI

(dead serious)

I'm goin' home.

MICKEY
It's a long walk from here.
(off Nisi's look)
I got the plane tickets. Now,
get'cha ass out the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEATTY ESTATE - DRIVEWAY

A very nervous Nisi stands in front of the front door beside several large suitcases. Mickey eyes Antonio flirtatiously. He flashes her a smile as he turns the key in the ignition and shifts the limo into drive. Antonio slowly pulls onto the street. Mesmerized, Mickey stares after him until Nisi walks up to her and pinches her hard on the arm.

MICKEY
Ow! Stop pinchin' me!

NISI
Then stop sweatin' the help!

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - DOORWAY

Nisi and Mickey stare at the door for several beats.

MICKEY
Ready?

Not waiting for her response, Mickey reaches for the door bell. Nisi quickly grabs Mickey's hand away from the door bell.

NISI
Wait up.

Reaching into her bag, she removes a note pad and scans her notes.

NISI (CONT'D)
Okay. According to Emily, when
he says, hello, how are you? I say...

MICKEY
...livin' large and takin' charge!

NISI
(snapping)
No! Don't be bustin' out with no
ghetto shit! It ain't proper English.
(reading notes)

NISI (CONT'D)

If someone says, "how are you?"
I smile sweetly and say...
"very well thank you - and yourself?"
Okay, I'm ready.

Rolling her eyes, Mica rings the door bell. No response. Just as she raises her hand to ring the bell again, the door snaps open. From the girl's POV, WE MEET ENGLISH BUTLER IAN MANLEY, mid 50's. Dressed in a tail suit, overly starched white shirt and black bow tie, he eyes the girls suspiciously from head to toe.

MANLEY

(thick British accent)
Begging is not permitted in
the city of Beverly Hills.

NISI

(smiling sweetly)
Very well thank you - and yourself?

Mica elbows nisi, snapping her out of her "Stepford" wife daze.

MICKEY

Yeah, that's definitely all right
cuz where we come from crack heads
be beggin' all the damn time.

NISI

Oh yeah. I mean, you can't even
walk down the block without...

SLAM. Manley closes the door in their faces.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Oh, no he didn't?!

Angry, Nisi rings the door bell. No response. Mickey rings the door bell. After several beats the door swings open once more.

MICKEY

How dare you?!

Mickey cuts her sentence short. From her POV, WE MEET ISAAC BEATTY, 29. Well groomed and extremely conservative in appearance, he smiles warmly at the girls. A visibly disturbed Manley stands firmly behind him.

ISAAC

...Denise, welcome. I'm Isaac
Beatty. I must say, you're
even more beautiful in person.

Mickey and Nisi exchange looks of perplexity.

ISAAC
We're so happy you could make it.
I see you brought a friend?

NISI
Oh, this is TaMica. She's...

ISAAC
...welcome TaMica. Glad you
could make it as well.
Manley will show you up to your
room. Make yourself at home, freshen
up a bit and we'll meet shortly to
discuss the terms of your contract.

NISI
(reading her palm)
Sounds...exhilarative...to me.

ISAAC
Great. See you soon.

Isaac exits. Mickey eyes Nisi curiously as she grabs her hand, forcing her palm open. From Mickey's POV, WE SEE Nisi has several words written on the palm of her hand in ink, including the word "splendiferous." Nisi snatches her hand away.

NISI
Mind ya business.

Manley clears his throat and walks away.

MICKEY
Lead the way, Alfred.

MANLEY
(sternly)
My name is Ian Manley. "Manley"
will do just fine, thank you.
(then)
Who is Alfred?

MICKEY
You know, Batman's homeboy? Yo,
you should try out for the sequel.

Not amused, Manley turns and walks away. The girls follow.

INT. BEATTY'S HOME - FOYER

Mickey and Nisi nearly gag at the sight of the place. Posh. Elegant. Breathtaking. It's like nothing they've ever seen before. Fresh cut flowers decorate the table tops. Expensive material covers the couch, drapes, and chairs. Crystal chandeliers hang from the ceilings and beautiful art work of women, hang perfectly on the walls.

Impatiently, waiting for the girls to get their eyeful, Manley walks away. Hesitant, the girls assume they're supposed to follow her.

MICKEY

(in a whisper)

Ah, shit. Alfred's about to catch
an ass whippin' with that attitude.

Struggling with their luggage, the girls trip down the hall in their high heel shoes. As they continue to follow the fast walking Butler, their mouths could be mistaken for fly traps. Each room is more beautiful than the next. Stopping in front an original Picasso, they study the sketch with disgrace. It's "The Lovers."

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Eww..why rich people always gotta
have naked people on their walls?

NISI

It's art, Mickey.

MICKEY

You call this art? She's fat and
he ain't got nothin' down there to
be showin' off nowayz.

NISI

Oh, yeah. Peecassa. She real famous.
I bet he paid crazy cash for that.

MICKEY

If that's art, somebody need to
bronze my shit, quick.

Annoyed, Manley clears his throat. The girls get the message. Mickey's got a message for him. Mickey reaches out to pop Manley in the head. Nisi catches her hand just in time.

NISI

Don't you dare!

Just then, Manley turns around. Nisi flashes him a fake smile. Manley flashes her an honest frown. They continue to walk.

CUT TO:

EXT. GIRL'S BEDROOM

Stopping in front of a closed door, Manley opens it.

MANLEY

Wait in here.

Manley exits. The girls enter the room.

MICKEY

"Wait in here!?" What kinda' welcome is that?

NISI

Let it go, girl.

CUT TO:

INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM

The girls cover their mouths in shock. From their POV, WE SEE what appears to be an apartment in itself. Wall to wall white carpet. White furniture. A king sized bed with silk chiffon drapes hanging from the bed posts. A 35" color T.V., VCR, CD stereo & laser disk.

NISI

Mickey, can you believe this place?
We've just won both show cases on
the Price Is Right!

Still in shock, the girls touch and examine several items through out the room with oohs and aaahs.

MICKEY

Wow, a CD player, laser disc...

Just then, nisi notices a box near the bed.

NISI

Hey Mica, what's this?

MICKEY

That must be some real rich shit,
cuz I have no idea.

(then)

Oh, shit. I gotta' pee.

NISI

Say what? In a minute we'll be
able'da pay someone to pee for us.

MICKEY

Where'z the toilet?

NISI
Follow me dahlin'.

The girls open several doors in attempt to find the bathroom. Instead they find two huge walk-in closets. A wet bar. A vanity room and finally, the bathroom.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM

Spectacular. The floor is marble. The sink is made of the finest porcelain. A bath tub big enough for three. Mickey runs to the toilet. Confused, she sees what appears to be two toilets, side by side. She stares at Nisi for a beat.

MICKEY
Why two toilets?

NISI
Girl, rich people always
need to feel like they have a
choice about things.
(pointing to toilet)
We know that one.
(pointing to Bidet)
But this one's dope! It works
like this.

Faking a front, Nisi confidently presses the lever on the side of the bidet. Just then water shoots up from the bidet. Like a person holding on to a short circuiting wire, Nisi is paralyzed by fear. She screams at the top of her lungs. The water is now spurting everywhere. Frantic and just as scared, Mickey screams with her. Pure instinct, she grabs Nisi away from the bidet, their bodies fly half way across the room and onto the floor. They both stare at the bidet as if it were an alien of some sort.

MICKEY
I thought you knew what you
were doin'?!

NISI
(false confidence)
I did. It must be broke or
somethin'.

Just then, the girls HEAR Manley's voice in the other room.

MANLEY (O.S.)
Hello? Hello, there?!?

The girls panic. Not wanting Manley to discover the damage, they quickly stand. Simultaneously, they both slip on the wet floor and fall back to the ground. WE SEE Mickey's body lands on top of Nisi's in a rather compromising position.

NISI
Get off me!

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM

WE SEE Mickey crawling out of the bathroom on her hands and knees. Looking around, she doesn't see anyone.

MANLEY (O.S.)
Can you hear me?!

Mickey jumps at the sound of the voice without a face. Still on her hands and knees, she looks around the room as if she were in a haunted house. Carefully standing to her feet, her hands are prepared for battle. Mickey looks around the room carefully.

MICKEY
Alright, where are you?

Just then, Nisi walks out of the bathroom and taps Mickey on the shoulder. Mickey nearly jumps out of her skin.

NISI
What'z up?

The girls suspiciously eye each other. Arm in arm, they slowly walk toward the source of the sound, near their bed.

MANLEY(O.S.)
(frustrated)
Press the button if you can hear me.
(shouting)
HELLO?!?!?

As the voice shouts out from the box, the girls jump back as if a bomb had exploded.

NISI
Wait a minute. It's the box. It's one of those voice things! You know, like those things people put in their baby's rooms so they can hear them cryin'?

Excited by their revelation, they both race toward the intercom box, pressing the button.

NISI/MICKEY
Hello, hello?

MANLEY(O.S.)
Mr. Beatty will see you now!
(then)
A right from your room. Straight
to the stairs. Down one flight.
Pass the living room. Through the
ballroom. Out the French doors. Past
the library. Through the door and
left to the pool.

NISI/MICKEY
What'd he say?

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE

The girls are trying to find their way to the pool. WE SEE Nisi has changed out of her wet clothes and is now wearing the same exact outfit she had on earlier but in a different color. As they pass the living room, searching for the kitchen, they open a door leading to an empty but magnificent, mirrored ball room.

NISI
Oh, shit!

Nisi's voice echoes throughout the room. The girls jump up and down with excitement. Looking around the large ballroom, they head toward the only set of doors they see.

MICKEY
Are you sure these doors are French?

NISI
How the hell am I spose' to know
that?

Mickey looks at Nisi as if she were retarded.

MICKEY
I thought you took French in high
school!

NISI
Just open the door!

CUT TO:

EXT. POOL AREA

The landscaping is spectacular. Rows of lawn chairs surround the olympic size swimming pool. A lion faced water fountain decorates one end of the pool. Apprehensive, the girls enter the area.

ISAAC (O.S.)

I'm over here.

The girls stiffen at the sound of his voice. Walking in the direction of his voice, they see a fortress like gazebo.

CUT TO:

INT. GAZEBO

Isaac is resting comfortably on a lawn chair. From his POV, WE SEE the girls as they timidly enter the area.

ISAAC

Have a seat, won't you?

Mickey and Nisi sit in either of the large leather chairs opposite Isaac. WE SEE Manley eavesdropping around the corner.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

How do you like your room?

MICKEY

Yo, this whole pad's dope.

NISI

(elbowing Mickey)

It's lovely, thank you.

ISAAC

Good. If you find yourself in need of anything, I'm sure Manley will be more than happy to accommodate you.

(off their forced smiles)

Time being of the utmost importance, if you don't mind, I think we should get started.

NISI

(in one breath)

Cool. I'm ready to roll.

Oh, wait up, who's the Artist.

Maybe I should hear the song.

Oh, and by the way, I ain't into wearing a whole lot of makeup and stuff.

Except maybe for my close ups.

Oh, and all of my distance shots.

ISAAC

That's nice to know. As we discussed on the phone, you will receive five thousand dollars in cash for your time. I am a man of my word.

(then)

Before we begin, there are two things you should know. First, it's not a "music" video per say. But, it is about an old man who is dying from cancer.

NISI

Ah, that's so sad.

ISAAC

Even sadder, he was never able to be with the one woman he truly loved.

NISI/MICKEY

How come?

ISAAC

Because he's white and she was a "black" housekeeper on his family's Estate. Her name was Lily. She was a lovely black woman.

NISI

Oh, is that the part I'm playin'?

ISAAC

Not quite.

(a beat)

Upon learning of his love for Lily, his family forbade him to see her. He married a white woman shortly thereafter. He and his new wife immediately left the estate and moved to Beverly Hills. Unfortunately, his wife was often sick and far too frail to have children.

MICKEY

Uh, huh. He shoulda' married that black woman cuz we all got them child bearin' hips.

ISAAC

I'm sure he would agree. But now he's soon to die and the only family he has left is his brother's son. Me.

NISI

That'd make you his...nephew.

ISAAC

Exactly. And I love him very much. So much so, that upon learning my uncle had less than two weeks to live, I tried to find the love of his life, Lily.

MICKEY

Oh, that'z so sweet.

ISAAC

It was also impossible.

NISI

Ahhh. Too bad.

ISAAC

But, I did manage to find Lily's daughter. Better yet, make that her granddaughter.

NISI

Wait up, is that my part?

ISAAC

Yes. It certainly is. You see, because you know how much your grandmother loved him, you love him. And out of the goodness of your heart, you show up at his home and you do anything and everything to make sure his last days are filled with kindness and love.

NISI/MICKEY

Oh, that'z beautiful!

ISAAC

I'm glad you think so.

(then)

That's one of the two things you should know. Now, if you'd be so kind as to follow me.

Excited, Mickey and Nisi jump out of their seats, following him. Standing in the corner and highly appalled, WE SEE Manley has been eavesdropping on their conversation. He watches the three as they exit.

NISI
Girl, I'ma be a star!

MICKEY
A rich star! I'm so glad
you took my advice and sent'cha
picture, D.

CUT TO:

EXT. MR. BEATTY'S DEN

With the girls on his heels, Isaac pauses a beat before opening the door.

YOUNG MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Perhaps this next putt will be his
greatest strength.

OLD MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
(dragging his words)
Maybe but, he's at the fate of
the green...

The old man's sentence is cut short as Isaac opens the door and enters.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. BEATTY'S DEN

From their POV, WE SEE and MEET MR. BEATTY. He's a frail and scraggly, man in his late 70's. Slumped across the couch, Mr. Beatty is watching a golf match on a large screen television. NOTE: Everything about Mr. Beatty is "SLOW," the way he walks, talks, responds to questions, etc...

Confused, Mickey and Nisi stare at Mr. Beatty.

ISAAC
(whispering to girls)
The second thing you should know
is...there is no music video.

NISI/MICKEY
(in a panic)
Say what?

Before the girls can say another word, Isaac guides them over to Mr. Beatty.

ISAAC

Uncle Don, I have a surprise for you.
I'd like you to meet our guests
Denise and her friend TaMica.
Denise is Lily's granddaughter.

Finally understanding the purpose of their visit, the girls gasp.
A slowly formed, shit eating grin appears on Mr. Beatty's face.
Squinting his eyes, he stares at the girls.

MR. BEATTY

Well, what're you standing over
there for? Come give me some sugar.

CUT TO:

INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM

The bedroom door swings open as Mickey and Nisi rush inside.
Frantic, they quickly gather their belongings.

MICKEY

I've had enough surprises for
one day, god dammit! I told
you not to answer that damn ad!

NISI

That's it! I'ma nobody! I'ma stay
a nobody! I'll have a kid or two.
Get on welfare, stay on welfare,
die on welfare!

O.S. there's a knock at the door. The girls stop dead in their
tracks. Not waiting for a response, Isaac enters the room. He's
carrying a brown paper bag and trying hard to suppress his
laughter.

ISAAC

I can explain everything.

MICKEY

Save it! We're audi.

NISI

Damn straight we are!

(to Isaac)

You told me I waz flyin' here
to do a music video. Not groom
no corpse. Talkin' about "oh, she
does anything and everything for him!"

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Like we don't know what ANYTHING
and EVERYTHING means!

NISI

That's what I'm sayin'.
That nasty old man ain't got no
business wantin' to date his dead
girlfriend's granddaughter nowayz.

MICKEY

Especially since she ain't his
granddaughter.

ISAAC

But you told me on the phone
that you were an actress.

NISI

Well, I'm not!

ISAAC

Well, it looks like we've both
been a little dishonest along
the way.

(a beat)

The truth is, my uncle is a very
sick man. He's been out of the
hospital less than a week. He's
also a very stubborn old man.
He's refused chemotherapy. At
this point, it wouldn't help anyway.
He may even die before the week
is up. That being the case, you
are free to leave the second he
does - with TWENTY thousand
dollars in cash.

MICKEY

(eyes bulging)

Twenty thousand dollars!?

Nisi elbows Mickey, silencing her.

NISI

And what do we hafta' do? Lie?
Pretend I'm someone I'm not?

ISAAC

Telling him you're Lily's granddaughter
will only add to his joy. You could
be anyone's granddaughter because

ISAAC (CONT'D)
the truth is, he's a completely
different person when he's around you...

NISI
...it's true, once you go black
you can't go back. But, I ain't
givin' up no booty.

ISAAC
You mean...

MICKEY
...sex.

ISAAC
(chuckling)
You won't have to. I'm afraid he's
a bit too old for that. All you
have to do, is be you. "Lilly's"
granddaughter.
(then)
Oh, and it's best for everyone if
he believes you're here out of
the goodness of your heart.

Nisi eyes Mica. Off Mickey's nod, Nisi extends her hand to Isaac.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEATTY ESTATE - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DUSK

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DINING ROOM

TIGHT on Manley's hand as he lights two white Shabbat candles.
CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL Manley standing beside Mr. Beatty in
the dimly lit, formal dining room. Mr. Beatty sits at the head of
the table. Walking as if their feet were recently planted in fresh
laid cement, Mickey and Nisi tentatively enter the room.

MR. BEATTY
Well, hello there. Please,
have a seat.

Smiling at Mr. Beatty, they both aim for the chair furthest away
from him. Reaching the chair at the same time, they accidentally
sit on top of each another. Nisi pushes Mickey off her lap. Nisi
is forced to sit in the chair closet to Mr. Beatty.

MR. BEATTY
So, Denise?

NISI
"Nisi's" fine.

MR. BEATTY
Nisi, it is.
(then)
How'd you like having a woman as
wonderful as Lilly for a grandmother?

NISI
Oh, wonderful, just great.

MR. BEATTY
I bet it was.
(smiling)
I can't tell you how happy I am
to have you in my home. You know,
the first years of my life were
touched by the magic of Lily.
I thank God my last days will be
the same, now that you're here.

Although spoken extremely slow, Mickey and Nisi are impressed and
touched by Mr. Beatty's words.

MR. BEATTY (CONT'D)
I suppose Lily told you all about
life on the Estate?

NISI
Oh, never stopped talkin' about it.

MR. BEATTY
(pleased)
Really? What exactly did she say?

NISI
Uh...um...well...

MICKEY
...Tree. She said y'all had lots
of Trees.

MR. BEATTY
That we did.
(off their forced smiles)
So, who's your friend, Nisi?

NISI

We call her "Mickey. I hope you don't mind my bringing her along, she's my uh..."Manicurist."

MR. BEATTY

Oh, heavens no. As a matter of fact, I could use a pedicure. Mickey, I presume you do feet as well?

The girls look under the table at his feet.

CLOSE UP OF HIS FEET

Dry. Crusty. Funky. Bunions. Corns and hammer toes that turn corners. The fungus beneath his toe nails extend beyond the nail bed, surrounding the actual toes. Mickey and Nisi frown.

MICKEY

Hell, no!

(Nisi pinches her)

Yes, I do.

CLOSE UP, UNDER THE TABLE, Mickey digs her heel into Nisi's foot until Nisi can no longer take the pain.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

(harsh whisper)

I'ma kick ya' ass!

MR. BEATTY

So, where are you ladies visiting from?

NISI

The South.

MICKEY

New York.

NISI

South. Then we moved to New York.

Just then, Manley enters with a three plates of food. The plates are covered by sterling silver lids. He carelessly slides Mickey and Nisi their cover plates of food. Briefly glancing at the girls, they quickly exchange the now customary "evil eye" greeting to one another. The girls watch as he kindly places Mr. Beatty's plate in front of him and removes the lid.

MANLEY

Enjoy, sir.

MR. BEATTY

Thank you, Manley.

Smirking at the girls, Manley exits.

MR. BEATTY (CONT'D)
Ladies, please, dig in.

Starving, Mickey and Nisi quickly remove the silver lids from their plates. Off their frowns and from their POV, WE SEE a small, dry piece of chicken, one broccoli stem and two baby red potatoes.

MICKEY
What'z this?!

MR. BEATTY
Not exactly appetizing is it?
(off their looks)
Well, you see, I can only eat
certain foods.

NISI
No wonder you sick. I don't
mean to be rude but...you ain't
dead yet. You need to eat.

MICKEY
Yeah, you can eat hearty and
still be healthy.

MR. BEATTY
You sound just like Lilly. What
a cook. There's no food like
soul food.

NISI
(proudly)
Yeah. Grandma could suck a bone dry.

Dreamy eyed, Mr. Beatty lifts his fork to eat. Mickey and Nisi exchange looks. Before Mr. Beatty's fork touches his plate, Mickey grabs the plate from in front of him AND WE CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - MONTAGE SEQUENCE - MUSIC KICKS IN

TIGHT ON Mickey as she wipes away tears. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL, she's dicing onions. Mickey then removes the lid off a baking pan on the stove. WE SEE several left over pieces of dry chicken. She adds three more pieces to the pan. She then quickly opens several cabinets until she finds the herbs and spice rack. Adding water to the pan of chicken, she adds several herbs and spices, topping her concoction off with fresh squeezed juice from a lemon. Surrounding the chicken with the red baby potatoes and broccoli stems, she pops the dish into the microwave, presses the start button AND WE WIPE TO:

INT. DINING ROOM

Mickey proudly enters the room and places the pan of "soul-touched" food on the table. Inhaling deeply, the smell of the familiar flavor forces a quick smile to Mr. Beatty's face.

WIPE TO:

Nisi carefully positioning the chicken bone in Mr. Beatty's hand enabling him to better suck on the bone. Having set him up, she plops back down in her seat, picks up her bone and WE HOLD on the three of them for several beats as they suck their bones dry.

WIPE TO:

TIGHT on the empty platters. O.S. WE HEAR someone snoring. CAMERA PULLS back to reveal Mr. Beatty, Nisi and Mickey fast asleep at the table. Just then, Manley enters. Appalled, he intentionally slams the lids on top of the silver platters in an effort to awake them. The loud sound nearly sends the girls flying out of their seats.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. BEATTY'S ROOM

Tight on Mr. Beatty's smiling face. CAMERA pulls back to reveal Mickey and Nisi at the foot of his bed. Close to puking, they're massaging his feet.

MICKEY

You should try'da keep up with things. Watch BET. Check out Snoop Doggy Dog.

The girls exchange smiles.

NISI

That's my man. He full of flavor!
Too bad we forgot to bring our music..
(to Mickey)
We're gonna hafta' work out to the radio, I guess.

MR. BEATTY

The sound system plays throughout the house. If you'd like, we'll send Manley out to purchase whatever CDs you want. We could use some rap music around here.

MICKEY

It's so cool that you're down
with our culture.

MR. BEATTY

I appreciate all cultures. A person's
likes and dislikes, used to be the
nature of my business. I had clients
from every walk of life.

(then)

My family was in the fabric business.
We imported exotic fabrics from all
over the world.

Mr. Beatty begins to cough violently.

NISI

Are you okay?

MR. BEATTY

Perfect. You see, a man's religion
is kin to his culture, the center of
his heart. If you can understand
and relate to the issues of one's
heart, you'll win them over every time.

NISI

You mean like you're doing wit' us.

MR. BEATTY

Sort of except, I'm convinced my
culture is your culture. God just
gave me a different color skin.

MICKEY

(whispering to Nisi)
And some funky ass feet.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEATTY HOUSE - EVENING

WE SEE a light on in one of the upstairs bedroom. CAMERA PUSHES
IN toward the window.

MICKEY (O.S.)

Don't mess around and comb out
my gold.

NISI (O.S.)

I ain't touchin' the gold.

INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM

Mickey is sitting on the bed, carefully combing Nisi's hair. They're both decked out in fake chanel outfits.

MICKEY

Good cuz gold attracts gold.
I've got'ta find me a Sugah
Daddy, girl. I can get used'a
to livin' phat like this.

NISI

Right? And Mr. Beatty's
so nice, huh? When's the last
time you think he had some pootang?

MICKEY

The last time his shit waz workin'
I guess. My grandma useda'whip grandpa
up some egg yolks and sock it to him.
They did it til the day she died.

NISI

Yeah, I heard that's spose to
give'm energy.

Nisi playfully pops Mickey in the head with the comb.

MICKEY

Ouch!

NISI

Finished.

MICKEY

C'mon girl, time to go
find the babies' fathers!

DENISE

Wait up. You think we should
let Isaac know we goin' out?

MICKEY

Girl, he ain't payin' us to party.
C'mon, we'll sneak out the back.

The girls exchange high fives, grab their jackets and exit.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - EVENING

Mickey and Nisi limp as they walk down the street in their high heel shoes.

NISI
What kinda' city is this?
No cabs, no trains, no buses...

MICKEY
(wide eyed)
Oh, shit!

As the girls turn the corner and from their POV, WE SEE the Beverly Hills hotel in all of it's splendor. Without any further sign of foot pain, the girls make a mad dash toward the hotel.

CUT TO:

INT. BEVERLY HILLS - POLO LOUNGE -

Mickey and Nisi breeze into the elegant lounge and scan the crowded, well stocked room. Smiling like two kids in a candy store, WE FOLLOW the girls as they squeeze their way through the crowd. They finally reach the bar and straddle the stools.

NISI
Okay, now if we gonna do it,
let's do it right. Don't be kickin'
no corny shit. Remember what
Mr. Beatty said about culture.

MICKEY
I know, I know. Culture.
Get into their culture.

The bartender frowns at the girls with disgust as he scans their fake jewelry etc...

BARTENDER
I'll be right with you.

MICKEY
We got all night, baby.

Just then, Mickey sees a handsome african-American man walking straight toward her. Tapping Nisi on the shoulder, Nisi turns and spots the guy. She quickly presses her hand to her chin, pushing her mouth closed. Wiping the smile off her face, Mickey slumps down on the edge of her seat and profiles ala "homegirl style." The guys smiles as he approaches and PASSES the girls. Mickey and Nisi quickly turn to see the man embrace a beautiful blonde woman

sitting on a bar stool directly behind them.

MICKEY
(furious)
Oh, no he didn't!?

NISI
Ooh, that dirty dog!

Mickey scans the blonde from head to toe. WE SEE the blonde is sitting well poised and proper on the bar stool. Her legs are crossed, back straight, head slightly tilted and smiling.

MICKEY
Oh, alright, alright, I gotcha'.
(then)
When in Rome, do like the French.

Mickey quickly readjusts her sitting style. She crosses her legs, straightens her back, tilts her head and smiles. Catching on, Nisi does the same. Clearly uncomfortable with their new "sitting profile," WE HOLD ON the girls for several beats as they scan the room. Just then, the bartender steps in front of them.

BARTENDER
What can I get you ladies?

NISI/MICKEY
Two St. Ives. Forty ounce.

Confused, the bartender stares at them for several beats.

BARTENDER
Uh, we don't serve that here.

MICKEY
Say what? Are we still in America?

NISI
(elbowing Mickey aside)
In that case, we'll take two
bottles of Colt 45.

WE HEAR a man's voice from behind.

MAN'S VOICE
(thick accent)
Two glasses of your best champagne
for these gorgeous women.

The girls turn to find two unbelievably handsome, Iranian men, standing beside them. MEET ELI and ZEV, mid 40's.

MICKEY
Ya'll payin'?

ZEV
But of course. A woman should
never have to buy her own drink
or jewelry for that matter.

Nisi and Mickey almost fall of their chairs. The bartender pours
the girls champagne.

NISI
(sexy voice)
Why thank you, Sugar.

The girls seductively sip on their champagne, outlining the top of
the glasses with the tip of their fingers. Exchanging glances with
one another, Mickey kicks in with a strong sexy rap while Nisi
busies herself, checking out and verifying their props. WE SEE
Nisi subtly lifting the sleeve of their jackets to reveal Rolex
watches. Running her hand along their chest, she exposes the
inside of their jackets. WE SEE black labeled "Armani" signature
tags. Holding their hands, in a "tigress" manner she puts their
fingers in her mouth as she bites on the gold rings to make sure
they're not gold plated.

MICKEY
So, tell us, where are you
fine, young, rich men from?

ZEV
We're from Iran.

NISI
Oh, I love your culture.

MICKEY
Oh, yeah. I even remember that song.

MICKEY/NISI
(singing)
Bomb, bomb, bomb! Bomb, bomb Iran!
Bomb, bomb, bomb! Bomb, bomb IRAN!

Forced smiles, the men aren't thrilled. Finishing her inspection,
Nisi gives Mickey the "thumbs up" sign. Just then, Mica spots a
handsome well dressed "Greek" looking man entering the bar, alone.
She elbows Nisi. Nisi gasps at the sight of him. Just then, they
girls also spot an Arabian sitting in the corner, wearing a turban.

MICKEY
Ooh, Nisi, don't he favor Omar Shariff!

NISI

Oh, yes!

MICKEY

(to Iranians)

Bust out the digits, we'll do
the dialing, have a lil' dinner...

ZEV

I'm sorry, we don't understand
"bust the digits?"

NISI

(rushing them)

Business cards...phone number?

Zev and Eli quickly remove their business cards and hand them to
the girls. Mickey reads the card.

DENISE

We'll be in touch, if ya lucky.

MICKEY/NISI

Tah-tah.

WE HOLD on the deserted expressions of Zev and Eli. Singing,
Mickey and Nisi sashay away and toward their new prey.

NISI/MICKEY

It's rainin' men, hallelujah!

MICKEY

(eyeing the guy)

Okay. What'dya think he is?

NISI

Looks like a Greek god in motion
to me.

MICKEY

Oh, God is good! I took Mythology
in High School!

WIPE TO:

INT. LOUNGE - LATER

Mickey and Nisi sit in a corner booth with their Greek god.
They're sipping on Crystal Champagne. WE SEE several empty bottles
of champagne on the table as well. Suddenly, the man begins
roaming his hand down the crack of Mickey's butt. Mica freezes.

GREEK MAN

Ah, finally an American woman
who understands the salvation
of the bottom. An American
woman who believes also, the
front is to make babies but the
back is to make love.
(grabbing her butt tighter)
Don't worry I won't hurt you.

MICKEY

Say what?! Uh, huh. Hell no!

Insulted, Mickey jumps out of her seat and smacks the guy firmly
across his face.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Ain't nothin' gettin' up in this
booty. It's an exit not no entrance!

WIPE TO:

EXT. LOUNGE TERRACE - LATER -

WE SEE Nisi and Mickey sitting in the corner with the Arabian man
they spotted earlier. They both appear to be quite demure and shy.

ARABIAN

I have been watching you ladies
all night.

NISI

Well, as you know, we Muslim women
are to be seen and not heard.

CLOSE UP UNDER THE TABLE

WE SEE his hand traveling up Nisi's thighs. She squirms in her
seat. Restraining herself, she wants to knock him out, she smiles
modestly instead.

NISI

I salam-alakim, until you marry me,
you better think of me as bacon.

ARABIAN

Oh, but I can't marry you so soon.
What will I do with my other seven
wives and thirty three children?

NISI

What?!

(quickly standing)

Oh, no. I know your ass is broke!

C'mon, Mickey!

Disgusted and disappointed, the girls storms off.

CUT TO:

EXT. MR. BEATTY'S ESTATE

With shoes in hand, the girls drag themselves toward the house. Mickey is flipping through several business cards.

MICKEY

This one's a lawyer. He's a doctor! They're all losers!

Then again, them Iranian cats look loaded. You sure that gold waz real?

NISI

I know fake gold when I bite it.

MICKEY

Good. I ain't about to waste no more of my time on no tired ass poor-fessionals!

The girls reach the front gate of the house. They stare at the gate for several beats, waiting for it to open.

MICKEY

Uh, D? It's not opening.

NISI

No, shit. I waz wonderin' what you were waitin' for. Open it.

MICKEY

What'da you mean, open it? How?

NISI

The same way you opened it when we left, dummy.

MICKEY

I stepped on that black rope over there and it just opened.

From Mickey's POV, WE SEE she's referring to the sensory chord

across the driveway and on the other side of the gate.

NISI
But it's over there!

MICKEY
DAH!

Simultaneously and much to their dismay, the girls toss their shoes through the gate. Mickey and Nisi struggle to crawl over the gate. As the girls crawl over the gate **WE SUDDENLY SEE AND O.S. HEAR: CLICK. FREEZE FRAME. CLICK. FREEZE FRAME. CLICK.**

NISI
Damn, we forever havin' to
break into places? I'm sick
of this shit!

Just as the girls reach the top of the gate, the gate suddenly jerks and swings open. In a panic, Mickey leaps off the gate and onto the floor, landing on her butt.

NISI
Help!!

From Mica's POV, WE SEE Nisi is stuck on top of the gate. Straddling the swift moving gate, Nisi screams at the top of her lungs, kicking her legs like a mad woman.

MICKEY
Just jump! Jump!

Mickey quickly stands up and tries to hold the gate in place long enough for Nisi to jump. Just then the driveway is illuminated by the limousine's headlights. As the car pulls into the driveway, the headlights shine brightly on Nisi. She looks like a Doe, frozen on the road by fear. As she continues to scream, Mr. Beatty runs out of the house in a panic.

MR. BEATTY
Hey? What's going on out here?

As Nisi hangs across the gate, Mickey watches her and Mr. Beatty helplessly continues panics. **O.S. WE SEE AND HEAR CLICK. FREEZE FRAME.** Just then, the limousine stops and Antonio hops out of the car.

ANTONIO
(to Mr. Beatty)
Not to worry. Everything's fine.
(to Mickey)
Que Bella, I'm so sorry.

NISI
Why you apologizing to her?!
I'm the one stuck up here!

Amused by the girls, Antonio climbs the gate, straps Nisi's body onto his and carefully climbs back down.

MICKEY
(starry eyed)
Oh, Antonio. You're such a man.

Nisi pops Mickey in the head.

NISI
Snap out of it!

MR. BEATTY
Is everything okay?

ANTONIO
Fine, sir. Go back to bed.

MICKEY
Yeah, we we're just out for a
walk. You know, smellin' the roses.

CUT TO:

INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM

WE FOLLOW the girls around the room as they prepare for bed. Irritated, Nisi carefully combs her hair into a dooby before putting on a doo-rag. The girls hop into bed and stare quietly at the ceiling for several beats.

MICKEY
Look, it's not my fault ya big
butt got caught on the gate.
(off Nisi's silence)
You think we might've met the
babies' father tonight?

NISI
All I'm thinkin' about is losing
my ten thousand dollars.

MICKEY
Girl, stop trippin'.
(a beat)
I wonder if Ali and James miss us.
They probably too busy dreamin'
about their "luxury" gypsy cab
service. Can you believe

MICKEY (CONT'D)
them? "We got a job for ya'll too."

Mica bursts into laughter. Nisi is slipping into a trance.

NISI
I'm sorry but I miss my man.
Damn, I could sure use some of
his stuff right about now.

Mickey quickly sits up in the bed.

MICKEY
Un, uh. Don't mess around and
start reaching over here for his
stuff in your sleep, cuz I ain't
got no problem with sleepin' on
the floor!

(then)
I'm serious. Start out safe,
move ya ass further over, move!
(Nisi moves)
Now stay!

The two are quiet for a beat. Mickey suddenly jumps out of bed.

MICKEY
I'm hungry. You hungry?

NISI
Not for no food.

MICKEY
Oh, Lawd. Take a cold shower or
somethin'.
(then)
I'll be right back.

Mickey quickly exits.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER -

Mickey enters the kitchen. Looking around, she spots and opens several cabinets. From her POV, WE SEE the cabinets are stocked with less than appealing food.

MICKEY
Damn, no cookies.

Mickey closes the cabinets and opens the fridge. The light from

the refrigerator illuminates the room. As Mickey looks through the fridge, WE SEE the silhouette of a man looking through the kitchen window directly behind her.

Settling for an apple, Mickey closes the fridge. Turning, she nearly jumps out of her skin upon seeing the face of a man staring at her. She immediately reaches for a knife.

MICKEY

I'll tear ya' ass up! Come on!

ANTONIO (O.S.)

Me amora. It is me. Antonio.

MICKEY

Who?!

Mickey steps up to the window to get a better look.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

What're you doin' out there?

ANTONIO (O.S.)

I must speak to you.

Primping en route, Mickey quickly runs to open the side door. Antonio enters. Wearing gloves, he immediately places a crow bar and flash light in her hands. Without another word, he kisses Mickey passionately. Overwhelmed, she pushes him back, gasping for air.

MICKEY

(suspiciously)

Why you givin' me this crow
bar?

Antonio rolls the bar around in Mickey's hands before placing it on the floor.

ANTONIO

No more lies. I did not come here
earlier tonight to rotate the tires.
I came here longing to be with you.

MICKEY

You did?

ANTONIO

I've been waiting for you all night.

MICKEY
(impressed)
You have?

ANTONIO
Si, Bellisima. It is our destiny.

MICKEY
It is?

ANTONIO
Si. I must tell you one secret.

MICKEY
Yes, Antonio. Tell me.

ANTONIO
My family is very wealthy. I come to
America to find my wife. I work
this job to find a woman to love me
for me. A woman like you.

MICKEY
Really?! You got some money?

ANTONIO
More money than you can spend in
one life time.

MICKEY
(desperately)
Ooh, please let me try!

ANTONIO
Very soon. Tiamo Bella.

Antonio kisses Mickey's hand, her wrist, her forearm, shoulder,
neck and finally mouth. Mickey is lost in another world as Antonio
continues to smother her with loving kisses.

ANTONIO
I must go now. Until we meet again,
cho un toro nelle mutande.

MICKEY
(starry eyed)
Mozzarella, fettucini, alfredo,
scungilli.

Antonio gently removes the crow bar and flash light from Mickey's
hands before exiting. On his exit, Mica glides back to her room.

EXT. BEATTY'S ESTATE - MORNING - ESTABLISHING SHOT -

INT. KITCHEN

Nisi and Mickey are wearing matching fake Gucci sweat suits. Mickey is in the midst of cooking eggs and fried potatoes with onions. Nisi sits at the table.

MICKEY

I swear'da God, it ain't no dream!
I know you think he's just hired
help but it's all an act.

NISI

If he's so rich, why'd he come
all the way to America to find
his wife?

MICKEY

Maybe he saw the movie, I dunno!
But, until I see a rock on my
finger, I say we keep on shoppin'
for the babie's father. May the
biggest wallet win.

Just then, Manley storms into the kitchen followed by Isaac.

MANLEY

Aha! I told you. Look at this!
(referring to food)
They are disrupting Mr. Beatty's
diet and poisoning him with this,
this...soul food as he calls it.

MICKEY

My soul food is created to
"nourish" the soul. It's a
helluvah lot healthier for Mr.
Beatty than that bird stuff Alfred
feeds him. I mean, he actually
uses Minute Rice! It takes him an
hour to cook it.

MANLEY

The name is Manley.
(to Isaac)
I spoke with the nutritionist
this morning and he assured me,
this "Soul Food" has been known
to clog the arteries, cramp the
colon and eventually stop the heart!

ISAAC

Girls, I insist that you put together a grocery list of all items you may need in order to provide my uncle with the "nourishing" soul food of his choice. Manley, will be more than happy to fill the list at the market. Won't you Manley?

MICKEY

Great. Yo, Alfred, we definitely gonna need some tabasco sauce, some "UNCLE BEN'S" rice, grits...

NISI

...oh, while ya out, maybe you can stop by the music store too.

Before Manley can respond Mr. Beatty enters the kitchen with a noticeable amount of "Pep" in his step. His speech has picked up a beat as well.

MR. BEATTY

(to Manley)

And don't forget my Ice Cube CD for me. Morning Isaac.

(smiling)

My little princesses, I don't know what you put in that food last night but I feel great!

CUT TO:

INT. MUSIC STORE

Manley scans the row of CD's in the R&B section of the store. A sales person approaches him.

SALESPERSON

Ah, excuse me? The classical section is over there, next to the blues.

MANLEY

I'm not interested in purchasing music of "classical" nature. I am looking for the "rap" section.

Glancing at the list, Manley's eyes widen and he blushes from embarrassment.

MANLEY (CONT'D)

Uh, I will need, 2 Pac, Two Short,
The Dog Pound, Ice Cube, Ice Tea,
"Bitch betta' have my money",
"Pull up to the bumpa' baby..."

The salesperson smiles, removing the CD's off the shelf as Manley continues to read the list out loud.

CUT TO:

EXT. MR. BEATTY'S ESTATE - LATER -

O.S. WE HEAR the sound of girls giggling.

EXT. POOL

Giggling, Mickey and Nisi are playing in the pool. They're both wearing sexy G-strip bikinis. Nisi's swim suit is metallic gold. Mica's swim suit is silver. Unlike Nisi, Mickey isn't wearing a swim cap. Her hair is still dry.

In the shallow end of the pool, the girls move from side to side as if they're about to be attacked by a shark. Just then, Mr. Beatty's head bops up out of the water.

MR. BEATTY

Marco!

Mr. Beatty waits for a response.

NISI/MICKEY
(giggling)

Polo!

Mr. Beatty travels toward the sound of their voices.

MR. BEATTY

Marco?

NISI/MICKEY
(moving away from him)

Polo....

Mr. Beatty disappears under the water. Laughing, the girls frantically begin searching for signs of him. Just then, Mickey screams. Knocking Nisi over, she's been caught by Mr. Beatty. Now laughing hysterically she tries to break free from his grip. All of a sudden, she loses her balance and screams as her body tips over, disappearing under the water. Nisi and Mr. Beatty laugh.

WE now SEE Mickey's panicking under the water. Her sense of

direction is off and she can't seem to find her way to the top. Nisi is laughing uncontrollably as Mickey appears to be drowning in less than four feet of water.

Still laughing, Nisi finally reaches down and pulls Mickey out of the water. Mickey's wet hair clings to her face. She looks like a little lost, wet puppy. Coughing in between gasps for air, she's truly been traumatized by the whole experience.

MR. BEATTY

Are you okay?

NISI

She's fine.

MICKEY

I'm not fine. I almost drowned to death. You know I can't swim!

Still amused, Nisi can't stop laughing. Mr. Beatty is still quite concerned. Just then, Mickey touches the front of her hair, the back, then the side. A look of even greater fear crosses her face.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

My God, my hair! My hair got wet! Oh, please tell me I didn't lose my gold glitter, please!
(off Mickey's expression)
Shit! What am I gonna' do?

Mickey runs out of the pool. Walking too quickly through the water, she screams as she nearly falls again. Mr. Beatty reaches out and catches her.

MR. BEATTY

What's the problem?

NISI

Nothing. Really, she's fine. She just upset cuz she got her hair wet. It's going to be "nappy" now.

Mickey runs into the house like a mad woman.

MR. BEATTY

Tell you what. I'll send for the car and make an appointment for you both at Barney's. Have them call me, I'll charge it to my account.

NISI

Barney? Ain't that for kids?

MR. BEATTY

It's a department store.
I'm sure they have a hair salon.
As a matter of fact, I could use
some new clothes myself, what d'ya
say we all go on a shopping spree?

NISI

This is a dream come true.
I'm gonna go get ready.

Nisi throws her arms around Mr. Beatty, embracing him warmly and exits. Just then, Isaac steps out and onto the patio.

ISAAC

Lovely ladies aren't they?

MR. BEATTY

Absolutely. I tell you, they
truly possess a joyous grip on
life. Yes, sir.

ISAAC

Well, if Nisi is anything like her
grandmother, I can see why you've
carried a torch for her all these
years.

MR. BEATTY

Tell me something Isaac? How'd
you manage to find Nisi?

ISAAC

It's a long story and believe me
it took a lot of work. But, for
your sake, I knew it'd be well
worth it. The truth is, I'd do
just about anything to keep you
happy. After all, you're the only
family I have.

MR. BEATTY

Funny how one's death bed can
resurrect relatives no longer
known to be living.

ISAAC

Uncle Don, I can only pray that you will someday accept my humble apology and forgive me for my inexcusable absence over the years. I hope that you believe me when I say, I'm here now and more determined than ever to keep you alive and well.

MR. BEATTY

Well, thanks. If you'll excuse me now, we're off to town on a little shopping spree.

ISAAC

Sounds like fun. Don't spend all your money in one place.

MR. BEATTY

Oh, don't be foolish. Better now than never. After all, I can't take it with me, can I?

Not waiting for Isaac's response, Mr. Beatty walks into the house. Isaac's smile quickly fades as he heads off into:

CUT TO:

INT. STUDY

With phone in hand, Isaac removes a manilla envelope from his desk drawer. Smiling, Isaac opens the envelope and removes several photos. CAMERA PUSHES IN on the photographs to reveal photographs secretly taken earlier of Mickey and Nisi and Mr. Beatty. Isaac studies the photos carefully as he continues his phone conversation.

ISAAC

Your plan is working perfectly. By the end of the day, I should have more than enough photos that will depict my chocolate lover uncle as the nut we've claimed him to be.

(listening)

Don't worry about the girls. I have arranged for them to be arrested and booked on charges of extortion and robbery by this time tomorrow.

(listening)

You're right, I will be a very wealthy young man and you...well

ISAAC (CONT'D)
you won't be so bad off yourself.
Talk to you soon.

With a sly smile still on his face, Isaac hangs up the phone. Deep in thought, WE HOLD on him for several beats.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARNEY'S - BEVERLY HILLS

The limousine pulls up to the curb in front of Barney's. Antonio gets out of the car and opens the back door. Mickey and Nisi smile warmly at Mr. Beatty as the three of them step out of the limo. WE SEE Mickey's using her jacket as a hood to cover her head. Puzzled, Antonio looks at Mickey.

MICKEY
It's a black thang!

MR. BEATTY
Okay, I'm going to go to the men's department.
(glancing his at watch)
Meet me there in say, an hour?

Nisi reaches under Mickey's jacket and feels her hair.

NISI
Better make it an hour and half.

Smiling, Mr. Beatty nods his head in agreement.

CUT TO:

INT. BARNEY'S HAIR SALON

The girls enter the elegant salon. O.S. CLASSICAL MUSIC FILLS THE ROOM. The girls are greeted by the salon's host, VINCENT, a snobby man, dressed in all black. He eyes the girls from head to toe, less than impressed with their fake "Gucci" outfits. With contempt, he gives the girls much attitude.

VINCENT
Are you looking for the exit?

NISI
Nah, we just got here. Ya'll do hair, here?

VINCENT
Well, this is a hair salon, if that's what you mean. However, I'm afraid we're all booked.

Just then the girls spot the Queen of England, patting her newly done Coif as she exits the salon.

NISI

Oh, shit! I mean, yo! Ain't she the queen of England?

(to Queen)

Yo, Queenie?! What'z up?!
Ya hair look dope. When I get my Salon you should come by and let me throw down on it for a beat. It'll be my treat, on the house as long a you in the house!

Flashing Nisi a patronizing smile, the Queen continues to walk. Just then, Mickey lets out a scream. They all turn to see, GENERAL HOSPITAL'S "DELILAH QUARTERMANE," leaving the Salon.

MICKEY

Delilah! Delilah! Honey, lemme tell you bout'cha step son...

Delilah smiles at Mickey as she continues to walk. Mickey starts to run after her until Nisi grabs her arm, stopping her. Off Mickey's pouty expression WE WIPE TO:

MICKEY

(looking into his book)
You can't be that booked cuz I definitely got an appointment.

VINCENT

Impossible. We're booked - for the year. But, if you hop on the bus and get off at Crenshaw...no I think you better go straight to Compton.

NISI

Look, you ain't paid to think, if you were you wouldn't be standing here answering phones. Doctors think, lawyers think...

(exploding)

Now, we ain't goin' nowhere til' she gets my hair done. You ain't even asked her name, talkin' bout, "you're booked."

Nisi looks around to find people staring at them with disgust.

MICKEY

Later for him. C'mon, Nisi,
we'll go somewhere else.

VINCENT

(closing the book)

Maybe you should listen to your
friend.

NISI

(all in his face)

That'z it! I'm a licensed beautician.
We from outta town and my girl
needs her hair done. If you ain't
got nobody to do it, I'll do it
myself - but I'm doin' it here and I'm
doin' it now. So, unless you wearin'
all black today for your own funeral,
I suggest you find me an empty
station.

MICKEY

I NEED MY HAIR PRESSED NOW!

Just then the jacket slips off Mickey's head. "Nappy" is an understatement. Mica looks like "Buckwheat" after shock therapy.

CUT TO:

HAIR SALON - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER -

O.S. "RAP MUSIC" BLASTS THROUGH FROM A SMALL RADIO IN THE SALON. CAMERA IS TIGHT ON THE SHOCK FROZEN FACES OF SEVERAL CUSTOMERS, HAIR STYLISTS AND THE HOST, VINCENT. From their POV, WE SEE A TIGHT SHOT OF Mica as steam evaporates in her face.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO reveal Nisi with a clothes iron in her hand. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL FURTHER TO REVEAL, she's ironing Mickey's hair as Mickey's face rests firmly on top of an ironing board.

NISI

They don't even have grease!

Mickey lifts her head off the iron board. Her hair is absolutely gorgeous, bone straight. Several friz ridden customers touch their hair as they stare at Mickey with envy.

NISI (CONT'D)

Y'all need to get some grease.

Just then, the "friz" customers jump out of their seats.

CUSTOMER #1
Find some grease!

CUT TO:

Several shots of Nisi whipping Mickey's straight hair into another, "ghetto-girl" hairstyle as customers, hairstylist and Vincent watch. Mickey frowns. The next customer assists Nisi with combs and bobby pins as a nurse would a surgeon. Another customer runs up to the girls and removes a tube of V09 hair grease from a paper bag. The girls smile.

CUT TO:

TIGHT ON NISI'S HANDS AS SHE COMPLETES MICA'S HAIR, A WORK OF ART.

CUSTOMER #2 (O.S.)
I want my hair just like
hers!

WIPE TO:

HAIR SALON - TIME LAPSE -

WE FOLLOW Mickey as she collects money from a long line of people. WE SEE Nisi giving instructions to several of the hairstylists. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL, a half dozen ironing boards set up, with grease on the side. The stylists are now ironing their customers' hair. Mickey collects money from the last customer.

NISI
Okay, that's it. Let's go, Mickey.

Vincent nearly knocks down an ironing board as he runs over to the girls to shake their hands.

VINCENT
You two are fabulous! Please
come again. You promise?

NISI/MICKEY
Sure, okay.

VINCENT
No, you have to promise.

NISI
(imitating him)
Cross my heart, hope to die,
stick a needle in my eye.

Smiling, the host applauds and invites the rest of the customers to applaud the girls for their contributions. Mickey and Nisi bow out

and exit.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - RODEO DRIVE - ESTABLISHING SHOT -

The limousine pulls up along the curb of the busy sidewalk.

CUT TO:

INT. CHANEL BOUTIQUE

TIGHT ON Mickey and Nisi as they excitedly flip through and gather arms full of clothing off the racks. CAMERA PULLS back to reveal Mr. Beatty sitting on a nearby couch, flipping through a fashion magazine.

MICKEY

A dollar sale? Is they buggin'?

NISI

No! Mr. Beatty just told me they put a extra zero on the price tags to scare poor people away cuz they only want rich people profilin' in their shit.

MICKEY

Girl, pinch me. I can't believe this! You were right. Ooh, and the sales people are just so devoted and attentive.

NISI

Whoa...here's an expensive one, five dollars and fifty cents, ha!
(turning around)
We just love this place.

MICKEY

(turning around)
Don't worry, we ain't gonna let nobody else in on your little secret!

WE SEE Nisi and Mickey have been turning around and talking to at least ten sales people, and two armed security guards. The group of employees dubiously surround and watch the girl's every move. As Mica and Nisi move to another rack, the employees move with them.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Girl, look at this dress!
(checking price tag)
I beat you! Drop the last zero.
Hey! This one's ten dollars!

CAMERA PUSHES IN on the price tag. WE SEE the tag reads "ten thousand" dollars.

CUT TO:

INT. ARMANI

The girls wait out side the dressing room area. Just then Mr. Beatty exits the dressing room. The girl's faces light up at the sight of him. From their POV, WE SEE Mr. Beatty. He's wearing a large pair of Armani pants which hang loosely from his hips with a low swung crotch, an oversized dress shirt is wrapped around his waist, a white t-shirt beneath a tuxedo tailed jacket, and a golf hat, flipped to the back.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARMANI

Mica, Nisi and Mr. Beatty exit the shop with bags full of clothing. WE SEE the mesmerized employees rush to the door and watch as Mica, Nisi and Mr. Beatty give their bags to Antonio. Mr. Beatty stands with his arms stretched out. Nisi steps beneath his right arm. Mica winks at Antonio as she steps beneath Mr. Beatty's left arm. Once the girl's are positioned, Mr. Beatty drops both of his arms firmly around the girl's shoulders. Just then, WE SEE a man hiding in the corner, behind a camera. Removing the camera from in front of his face, WE SEE it's Isaac. He's following Mr. Beatty, Nisi and Mica. From his POV, WE SEE Mr. Beatty now has both of his arms firmly around the girl's shoulders and together they skip down the street, singing at the top of their lungs and to the dismay of many.

MICA/NISI/MR. BEATTY
 Pretty woman, don't walk on by!
 Pretty woman, don't make me cry!
 Pretty woman...

O.S. WE HEAR AND SEE: CLICK. FREEZE FRAME. CLICK. FREEZE FRAME. CLICK. FREEZE FRAME.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. BEATTY'S RESIDENCE

Manley's dust brushing a floor to ceiling statue. Just then, Mr. Beatty, Mica and Nisi burst into the house, laughing hysterically. Concerned, Manley quickly walks into the foyer.

MANLEY
 Are you alright, Mr. Beatty?

MR. BEATTY
 Let's just say, this Roosters
 still rolling.

MANLEY

Well, I did a little shopping today, myself.

Manley removes a Towers Record bag from a nearby drawer.

NISI

Yo? You got our CD's?

MICA

(looking inside bag)

Whoa. You blew up the spot, Alfred.

NISI

C'mon, Mica. Now we got somethin' to work out to.

(then)

Oh, wait? Is there a room we can do a lil' aerobics in?

MICA

Hey? How about that big ball room? It's got mirrors.

MR. BEATTY

Perfect. I'll put on a my jogging and be right down.

In shock, they all turn and stare at Mr. Beatty.

MR. BEATTY (CONT'D)

(defensively)

I can still shake a leg or two!

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM - HALF AN HOUR LATER

O.S. MONTEL JORDAN'S SONG "THIS IS HOW WE DO IT" BLAST THROUGHOUT THE ROOM. CAMERA PANS ACROSS THE FLOOR UNTIL WE SEE NISI AND MICA'S LEGS MOVING TO THE BEAT AND FINALLY, MR. BEATTY'S LEGS, BOBBING OFF BEAT. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL the three are well into their workout as they dance in front of the mirror. Mica and Nisi's dance moves are sexually suggestive as they use their bodies to mime the Rapper's lyrics. WE HOLD ON the three for several beats as the girls sing, dance and Mr. Beatty periodically manages to "shake" a leg or two.

CUT TO:

BALLROOM DOOR WAY

Unbeknownst to Mr. Beatty, Mica and Nisi, Manley is watching them.

He's deeply engrossed in their performance. CAMERA PANS DOWN Manley's body. WE SEE three face towels draped over his arm. CAMERA THEN PANS DOWN FURTHER and WE SEE Manley is unconsciously tapping his feet, off beat, to the beat.

CUT TO:

MR. BEATTY, NISI AND MICKEY

The song finishes. Exhausted, the girls lean over, gasping for air. O.S. WE HEAR Manley, clearing his throat. They all turn to find Manley standing in the door way.

MANLEY

As you requested, your dinner
reservation is at eight thirty.
It's currently half past seven.

MR. BEATTY

Very well. Thank you Manley.

(then)

Ladies, I thought we might
go out for dinner this evening.
Sound good to you?

NISI/MICKEY

(excited)

Yeeeahh booyy!

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWAY

Wiping the sweat off their faces with a towel, Mica and Nisi pant heavily as they climb the stairs.

MICKEY

D. I know you don't wanna
hear this but...I don't wanna
go out later tonight lookin' for,
you know...millionaires.

NISI

You're really clockin' on Antonio
aren't you?

(off Mica's smile)

Damn, I wish I could find someone.
Maybe Ali's the only man for me.

MICKEY

You don't know that.

NISI

Well, I ain't met no one yet
and we're leavin' as soon as
Mr. Beatty dies.

Nisi's words hit her and Mickey hard. Disturbed, they stare at one another for several beats before continuing up the stairs.

The girls reach the second floor. Manley exits his room. Heading in the same direction as the girls, he stays several feet behind.

NISI (CONT'D)

I can't believe we're here waitin'
for someone to die. It don't feel
right, ya know?

MICKEY

He's such a nice man.

NISI

If I had to choose between
meeting someone and Mr. Beatty
staying alive...

MICKEY

...I know. I feel the same way.
C'mon.

NISI

Damn, Mica, we forgot to
watch our stories today.

MICKEY

I know. Today they waz gonna
reveal who killed Luke's wife.

NISI

I bet it was that hoe, Jillian.
I'd like to knock the taste out
her mouth.

Having overheard their conversation, Manley catches up to them.

MANLEY

She is a piece of work, isn't she?

NISI

(in shock)

You watch the stories?

MANLEY

I tape every show.

MICKEY
Get the fuck outta' here?

MANLEY
I beg your pardon?

NISI
So, you know who killed Luke's
wife?

MANLEY
It was that dirty rotten scoundrel,
Dr. Matthew. I never did trust him.

The girls can't believe their ears.

NISI
Dr. Matthew?

MICKEY
I knew he did it! Oh, thank
you so much, Alfred.

MANLEY
Man-ley.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPAGO'S - EVENING

Antonio opens the car door. CAMERA'S TIGHT ON Mr. Beatty's feet as he steps out of the car. Stepping into frame, WE SEE Mickey and Nisi's feet, in their "come do me today," high heeled shoes. CAMERA SLOWLY PANS UP their sexy legs, skin tight black dresses and WE FINALLY see the new, Nisi and Mickey. Profiling "star" style they look as if they just stepped off a page in Vogue magazine. Mr. Beatty beams proudly as Mickey and Nisi escort him into the restaurant. Mickey quickly looks back long enough to wink at a smiling Antonio as pulls the car away from the curb.,

CUT TO:

INT. SPAGO'S

The restaurant is crowded. The bar's full of people waiting for tables. WE SEE Mr. Beatty, Mickey and Nisi as they enter. He has a girl on each arm. As they step up to the Maitre'd, Mickey immediately spots GEORGE CLOONEY eating dinner at a nearby table with a group of people.

MICKEY
Dr. Samuels! Oh, shit!

Everyone turns to SEE where all the commotion is coming from. Mickey sprints across the room toward George. Nisi tries to stop her.

NISI
Mica, chill out!

Ignoring Nisi, Mickey rips across the room. All eyes are on her. Nisi chase after. Smiling, Mr. Beatty watches the girls.

CLOSE ON GEORGE

Mickey runs up to him and throws her arms around.

MICKEY
Omigod! I think I'ma have a
heart attack! Now would be the
time cuz I know you'd save me!

George smiles politely. Embarrassed, Nisi rips Mickey's arms from around George's neck.

NISI
(apologetic)
Excuse us. We don't mean to
bother you. It's just, we read
about 'chu in the National Informer
all the time and we love your show.

MICKEY
(near tears)
Oh, and when you saved that
lil' boy from drownin'....
(grabbing her chest)
Oh, my heart. It hurts right
here, Doctor.

Mickey grabs George's hand and places it firmly on her left breast. Nisi immediately grabs Mickey's hand off of George's hand.

NISI
I think we betta' go now.
Keep up the good work.

Mickey refuses to move. On a sly tip, and flashing a forced smile at George, Nisi drags her away from the table.

MICKEY
Ouch!

NISI
You oughta' be ashamed of ya'self
carryin' on like you ain't got a
lick on sense...

Before Nisi can finish her sentence, she screams at the top of her lungs.

NISI (CONT'D)
DENZEL!!!!

From Nisi's POV, WE now SEE DENZEL WASHINGTON walking toward the exit with his wife. Damn near dropping Mickey, Nisi chases after Denzel like a mad woman. The Maitre'd quickly steps directly in front of her, blocking her path.

MAITRE 'D
(firmly)
Your table is ready.

Nisi tries to walk around the Maitre'd.

NISI
Would you move?!

Just then, Mr. Beatty steps up behind an overly excited Nisi and gently puts his arm around her. Coming back to her senses, Nisi recomposes herself. She and Mickey look around the room to find, all eyes are on them. Embarrassed, the girls hang their heads as they follow Mr. Beatty and the Maitre'd to their table - in the back.

MR. BEATTY
Thank you, Pierre.

The Maitre'd exits. Mr. Beatty, Mickey and Nisi take their seats.

NISI
(w/remorse)
I'm sorry Mr. Beatty, I didn't
mean to...

MICKEY
...yeah, it's just that...

MR. BEATTY
...no apologies necessary.

The waiter enters.

WAITER
Good evening. Your menus.

He places the girl's white cotton napkins on their laps for them as he informs them of the Wolf Gang Puck's specials. They immediately put the napkins back on the table. Still reciting the specials, he places their napkins back on their laps. They look at each other for a beat before placing their napkins back on the table and their hand on top of the napkin.

WAITER

Excuse me, have you a problem
with the napkins?

MICKEY

No. Our problem's with 'cha hands.

WAITER

Excuse me?

NISI

She didn't stutter.

WAITER

(confused)

I'll be back in a minute to take
your order.

The waiter exits. Nisi and Mickey exchange looks of disbelief.

NISI

He had some nerve. Tryin' to
catch a feel under the table.
Ha, we put his butt in check.

WIPE TO:

EXT. RESTAURANT - LATER -

WE SEE several dishes of food on the table. Nisi and Mickey are sampling and picking at the food with their grotesquely long nails.

MICKEY

Pa-leez. This food ain't all
that and this ain't no real Pizza.

NISI

Mica, they need you in the kitchen.

MR. BEATTY

Nisi, do you cook?

NISI

Oh, I can throw down if I hafta' but
my thing is "hair." I love doin' hair.

MR. BEATTY
So did Lilly.

NISI
Who?
(Mickey elbows her)
Whooo child, yes! Grandma could
grease a scalp.

Nisi begins to eat faster.

MR. BEATTY
Tell me more about Lilly.
It's been so long.

NISI
(w/mouth full)
Well, Lilly...

Nisi holds up her hand in a "just a minute" gesture as she chews.

NISI (CONT'D)
Lilly waz...
(shoving more food into her mouth)
Just a second. Damn, this food
is good. Mickey try this.

Nervous as hell, Nisi shoves a huge piece of bread into her mouth. Now, not only can't she talk, her mouth is too full to even chew. Tilting her head sweetly, Nisi flashes a puckered cheek smile at Mr. Beatty and holds her hand up in a "just one more minute" gesture.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. BEATTY'S BEDROOM

Wearing their large Chanel T-shirts, the girls are giving Mr. Beatty an actual pedicure and foot massage as they watch "Video Juke Box" on television. Without frowning, they're literally scrapping the dirt out from beneath his toe nails as they struggle to clip them.

MICKEY
You sure you don't wanna see
a Doctor?

MR. BEATTY
(speaking slowly)
Positive. I'll be fine.
I'm just sorry we had to put an
early end to a wonderful evening.
I'm not as strong as I used to be.

NISI

Oh, please don't apologize. We had a great time.

MICKEY

Yeah.

MR. BEATTY

I was just hoping we could've done a little dancing tonight.

Mickey and Nisi look at Mr. Beatty as if he were out of his mind.

NISI

Dancin'?

MR. BEATTY

Sure. Lilly and I used to dance all the time.

Mickey and Nisi share a look. Mr. Beatty's smile slowly vanishes.

MR. BEATTY

So, tell me. What do you plan on doing with your lives?

NISI

Well, one day we gonna open a restaurant with a hair salon in the back?

MICKEY

Yep. D's gonna run the Salon and I'ma run the restaurant.

MR. BEATTY

What an original idea. Women can prepare for their dates in the salon and meet them later in the restaurant.

NISI

Exactly. We hopin' to start a whole chain of "Salonaraunts" one day, you know like Planet Hollywood or somethin'.

MR. BEATTY

What about children? Have you any desire to start a family? Do you have boyfriends?

MICKEY

Had. They waz just a bunch
of losers. We tryin'ta find our
babies' fathers now.

MR. BEATTY

I wasn't aware you had children.

NISI

Oh, no. We don't. See, we can't
have children til' we meet our
babies' fathers, get it?

MR. BEATTY

Well, I do want to thank you
Ladies for wanting to care for
me, out of the goodness of your
heart.

(off their silence)

As soon as I'm feeling better, I
say we go dancing. I'm certain
there are quite a few gentlemen
out there who would be honored
to be your babie's fathers.

NISI

Oh, no please. Don't worry
about us. We just want you
to feel better. We'll be
fine.

MR. BEATTY

Believe me, it's a true
pleasure to have such lovely
ladies to worry about.

NISI

Why're you so kind to us?

MR. BEATTY

Call it, Karma. Your family was
very kind to me and well, if you're
happy, I'm happy.

Off Mickey and Nisi's expressions of guilt, WE CUT TO:

INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM

With her hair wrapped in a dooby and ready for bed, Nisi sits
staring at the phone. The phone rings. She quickly picks it up.

NISI

Ah...yes, I'll accept the charges. Who'dya think beeped you? Yep. It's me. I'm in Beverly Hills!

(listening)

I know. I was gonna call you before I left but...

(listening)

Um...I came here to do a Music Video but then, um...I got another job.

(listening)

Yeah, I miss you too. I'm really sorry things got so crazy, it's just that...

(listening)

What'dya mean you knew I'd come crawlin' back?

(listening)

Hell, no I ain't give up on owning my own salon, why you think I'm here?

(listening)

Yeah, well I got 'z the money I need alright, Mister man and I sure hope them negative words tasted good rollin' off your tongue cuz one day you gonna hafta' eat 'em!

Nisi slams down the phone. O.S. there's a knock at the door.

NISI

Come in!

Manley peeks his head through the door.

MANLEY

Is everything alright? I thought I heard someone shouting.

NISI

Everything's fine.

MANLEY

Oh. Very well then.

Just then, the phone rings.

MANLEY (CONT'D)
Who's phoning at such an ungodly
hour?

(eyeing phone)
May I?

Off Nisi's nod, Manley enters the room and picks up the phone.

MANLEY
Beatty's residence?
(to Nisi)
I believe it's for you.

NISI
Tell him I'm through with his
sorry ass and I ain't checkin'
to hear from him no more.

MANLEY
(into phone)
I'm sorry, Sir. She says she's,
"through with your sorry ass and
she ain't checkin' to hear from
you no more."

(listening)
Very well. Pleasant evening.
(hanging up phone)
Ms. Nisi, he ask me to tell
you, he's sorry if he's offended
you and that he loves you.
Good night, Ms. Nisi.

WE HOLD ON Nisi for several beats AND CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY - LATER - EVENING

CLOSE UP OF MICA as she moans with ecstasy.

ANTONIO (O.S.)
This little piggy ate ravioli.

MICKEY
Emm...

CAMERA PANS down Mickey's body, sprawled out on a rug. She's wearing a sexy red lace Teddy. As CAMERA continues to pan past her hips, down her legs, WE SEE a buffed, bare chest Antonio, passionately sucking on Mica's toes. Again, he's wearing black leather gloves.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Ey, why you wearin' them gloves?

ANTONIO
Because my love, your skin is
too soft to suffer the roughness
of my hard working hands.

MICKEY
Oh. Ooh, baby. Go back to the piggy
at the market, please. I love to shop.

ANTONIO
(sucking her toe)
This little piggy went to the market.

Antonio is beside himself with desire. No longer fulfilled with
toe sucking, he climbs on top of Mickey and kisses her
passionately.

ANTONIO
(removing his pants)
Sei deliziosa. Sei Squisita!
Sei tuo culo e ume mandolino.

MICKEY
All that and a bag of chips!
(then)
Oh, Antonio, when? When?

ANTONIO
(trying to remove her teddy)
Now...

MICKEY
No! I mean, my ring. When ya
gonna give me a ring?

Antonio stops dead in his tracks. He stares at her for a beat.

ANTONIO
Uh...your ring?! Uh, now! Perfecto.
Right now. That is why I have
already a ring. It is of much
value and has been in my family
for many years. Come, follow me.

Antonio stands and walks over to a framed portrait of a nude, woman
on the wall. WE SEE a safe box was hidden behind the frame. Giving
the frame to Mica, she carefully places it on the floor. Spotting
the safe, Mickey can't believe her eyes.

MICKEY

Oh, shit. This is just like
in the movies.

ANTONIO

Mr. Beatty was kind enough to
let me keep the ring safe in here.

Smiling sweetly at Mickey, he carefully turns the dial on the safe.
Mickey anxiously hugs him from behind. After turning the dial
several times, Antonio becomes slightly frustrated.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

I can't open it. Will you try?

MICKEY

Hell, yeah. Bust out the combo!

ANTONIO

Five right, ten left, zero right.

Excited, Mickey spins the dial. Nothing. She tries again.
Nothing. As Antonio reaches for the dial to try it once more,
Mickey smacks his hand away. Determined, she tries it again.
Nothing. Mickey begins to pound on the safe door like a mad woman.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

(calming her)

Shh. It's alright Bellisima.

(embracing her)

Patience my love. I will verify
the code with Mr. Beatty in the
morning. You will have it soon.
Promisio. Go, get some sleep.

CUT TO:

INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM

Nisi is sound asleep. Teary eyed, Mickey quickly enters the room.

MICKEY

Nisi? Nisi, wake up!

NISI

(groggy)

What?

MICKEY

(overly excited)

Antonio and me are getting married.

NISI
Are you serious?! He asked you?!
(off Mickey's nod)
Oh, Mica. I'm so happy for you!

CUT TO:

EXT. BEATTY ESTATE - FRONT OF THE HOUSE - TWO HOURS LATER

The lights are off and all is quiet. O.S. WE SUDDENLY HEAR the sound of something crashing to the floor.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MANLEY'S BEDROOM

Manley sits straight up in his bed. O.S the sound of people whispering. In a panic, he puts on his house coat and reaches for the phone.

MANLEY
Hello? Get me the police!

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY

WE SEE two people dressed in black and wearing ski masks. A broken vase lies on the floor beside a book shelf. WE SEE the two people have just pried open the wall safe with a crow bar. Just then and swinging the bat like a mad woman, Manley charges toward the burglars. No match for the thieves, one of them grabs the bat from him and tosses his body against the wall. Manley reaches and throws anything and everything in his reach to keep the burglars away from him.

CUT TO:

INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM

Nisi and Mickey are awakened by the sound of Manley yelling and things crashing. Dressed in their large T-shirts, the girls race out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. DEN

The girls enter the room and see Manley screaming and fighting the burglars off him. Like bats out of hell, Nisi runs and jumps on burglar #1, Mickey attacks burglar #2. As the burglars try to free themselves from the girl's grips, Manley picks up the bat and hits burglar #1 over the head.

Mickey continues to struggle with burglar #2. Jumping on his back, she wraps her body firmly across his back. He quickly turns around in circles, finally swinging her off him. Nisi tries to grab him.

BURGLAR #2

(thick Bronx accent)

Get the fuck off me! Get off, me!

Mickey manages to reach and pull the ski mask off the burglar's head. Finally seeing his face, she stares at him with disbelief, from Mickey's POV, WE SEE Burglar #2 is really, Antonio!

MICKEY

Ohmigod! Antonio?! Why're you stealin'..

ANTONIO

No baby, you're the thief. Your finger prints are all over this safe and the crow bar I used to break it open. Now get outta' my way, I got a plane to catch!

Antonio grabs a hand full of jewelry from the safe, shoves it into a bag and heads for the door. Astounded, Nisi and Maria watch.

MICKEY

What?! What're you talkin' about?!

ANTONIO

Ah, c'mon?! You really thought Isaac was gonna keep you around long enough to pay you ten thousand dollars?! You were just part of our master plan you lil' Skeezers!

Antonio's words hit Mickey and Nisi like a rock. Tag team in full effect. The girls now resemble crack heads on speed as they proceed to beat Antonio's ass, ala "Bruce Lee" style and sound. Karate kicks, karate chops, bites, throwing anything and everything at him that isn't nailed down. Antonio doesn't stand a chance. O.S. WE HEAR the sound of Police car sirens in front of the house.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEATTY ESTATE

A Police Officer escorts, semi-conscious, Burglar #1 past Manley, Nisi and Mickey and into a patrol car. Two Police Officers carry Antonio's unconscious body past Manley, Nisi and Mickey. From their POV, Antonio's face looks as if he were a direct descendant of the "elephant man." They watch as the police officers slide Antonio's

limp body into the back seat of the patrol car.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. BEATTY'S ROOM - MINUTES LATER -

Mickey and Nisi tip toe to his bed. Standing beside his bed, Nisi holds the mirror beneath his nose. After a few beats, WE SEE the reflection of his breath casting a fog onto the mirror.

NISI

I dunno how he slept through all that. Thank God, he's still alive.

MICKEY

I wish I waz dead. I can't believe I fell for Antonio's lies.

NISI

C'mon, let's get some sleep.

The girls turn off the light and exit.

CUT TO:

INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Mickey and Nisi are lying in bed staring at the ceiling.

NISI

This whole visit's been one big lie. And Isaac waz behind the whole thing!

MICKEY

D., what if the cops didn't believe my story last night? I mean, I waz holdin' the crow bar and I did touch the safe...

NISI

But you didn't steal anything.

MICKEY

I just wanna go home. I want my old life back. At least James and Ali waz for real, you know? I mean, at least we know who they are.

NISI

I know we came here with another agenda, Mickey. Believe me, I'm checkin' to go home too but, we can't just leave Mr. Beatty. He needs us more now than ever.

O.S. WE HEAR a car pull up into the driveway. Mickey runs to the window. From Mickey's POV, WE SEE TRACY SHAW, an africa-American woman in her late 20's, step out of a Mercedes. O.S. the door bell rings.

MICKEY

Who the hell is she?

CUT TO:

INT. FOYER

Still dressed in their T-shirts, the girls nervously open the door. Dressed in a tailored suit and overly proper, Tracy extends her hand to the girls.

TRACY

TaMica, Denise. I'm Tracy Shaw,
Mr. Beatty's attorney:

NISI

(defensively)
Yeah, well we ain't had nothin' to
do with what happened last night,
I swearda'god.

TRACY

And if anybody says differently, you
be sure to have them call me.

MICKEY

Huh?

TRACY

Antonio confessed this morning.
(then)
Is Mr. Beatty upstairs?

MICKEY

Yeah. I think he's sleeping.

TRACY

Thank you. He's expecting me.

Tracy smiles as she walks pass the girls. Nisi yells after her.

NISI

Hey? Um, if he's awake, would
you ask'em if he's hungry, please.
Manley's still sleeping. Rough night.

TRACY

I'll be sure to ask him.

The girls scan Tracy from head to toe as she disappears up the stairs.

NISI

Look at her. I bet she only
dates white men.

(then)

Why you think Mr. Beatty called
his lawyer?

MICKEY

Maybe he's pressing charges against
Antonio or suing someone. White
people love to sue. Black people,
we just shoot. It's quicker.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. BEATTY'S ROOM

Mr. Beatty is sitting up. Tracy is reviewing several documents
with him.

MR. BEATTY

I never did trust Antonio but to
think Isaac was behind it all...
well I guess that's not so hard to
believe either. I knew he was up
to something the moment the girls
arrived. God bless them.

TRACY

Antonio has agreed to testify against
Isaac. However, I'm certain Isaac
will carry on with his plans. It's
Antonio's word against his.

(off Beatty's silence)

According to Antonio, Isaac was trying
to set the burglary up to look as if
the girls pulled it off. I think
once he got the photos he needed, the
girls were no longer of any value to him.
I received a package from his attorney
this morning.

(deep sigh)

I'm sorry to have to be the one to
inform you of this but Isaac, has
filed documents of incompetency
against you and is challenging
your will on grounds of insanity.

MR. BEATTY

What?

Tracy removes several 8x10 photographs from a manila envelope.

TRACY

Consequently, he has these
ludicrous photos of you and the
girls to support his accusations.

INSERT PHOTO OF MICA AND NISI CLIMBING THE FRONT GATE AND PHOTO OF
MR. BEATTY IN A PANIC AS NISI STRADDLES THE GATE ABOVE MICKEY.

TRACY (CONT'D)

He claims you befriended two girls
from the ghetto, after you caught
them trying to break into the house.

INSERT PHOTO OF MICKEY IN THE BATHROOM LOOKING THROUGH THE
CABINETS.

TRACY (CONT'D)

According to the report, "due to
your progressive insanity," you moved
the girls into the house and allowed
them to...for a lack of a better
phrase, "rob you blind."

INSERT PHOTO OF MR. BEATTY, MICKEY AND NISI W/SHOPPING BAGS.

TRACY (CONT'D)

And finally he's stated, "as
a result of your insanity you have
been actively participating in and
observing sexually deviant acts
with Nisi and Mickey.

INSERT PHOTO OF MICKEY AND NISI ON THE BATHROOM FLOOR. MICKEY IS ON
TOP OF NISI. HER HEAD IS IN BETWEEN NISI'S LEGS.

TRACY (CONT'D)

In closing he states and I quote,
"you are incompetent and irreversibly
insane."

INSERT PHOTO OF MR. BEATTY IN HIS "HOMEBOY" ARMANI ATTIRE WITH A
GOOFY LOOK ON HIS FACE.

MR. BEATTY

How dare he spy on me and my guests!
There's got to be something I can
do to counteract these accusations.

TRACY

The documents of incompetency can not be implemented without psychiatric examinations and validation. That could take sometime.

MR. BEATTY

(swallowing hard)

Well, I doubt I'll be around to greet them.

TRACY

I can't tell you how sorry I am about all of this.

MR. BEATTY

Don't be, please. It was a perfect ending to a perfect start.

(coughing)

Did you bring the papers I requested?

Tracy removes several pieces of paper from her brief case.

TRACY

Yes.

MR. BEATTY

Thank you.

(clearing his throat)

I will have the last word.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN

Mickey is frying potatoes and onions. Nisi is cracking open eggs and dropping them into a beating bowl. Just then Tracy enters.

TRACY

Denise, TaMica, it was a pleasure meeting you.

NISI

Oh, um...did you ask Mr. Beatty if he waz hungry?

TRACY

He just needs to sleep for now.

NISI

(disappointed)

Okay. Thanks.

As Tracy exits, WE HOLD on Mickey. Frustrated and sad, she reaches for an egg and cracks it open. She watches the egg fall into the bowl, staring at the yolk.

MICKEY
WAIT! Nisi!

NISI
What? What's wrong?

MICKEY
Remember I told you my Grandmama
use to give Grandpa eggs yolks
to get him goin'?

NISI
But that didn't just wake him
up, it got him UP!

MICKEY
So? Up is up! All he needs is energy!

NISI
How we gonna get him to drink
the egg yolks?

MICKEY
Same way my grandmama did.
(then)
Hand me some cinnamon, ginger,
nutmeg...

Nisi excitedly searches for and passes Mickey the spices of her request.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. BEATTY'S ROOM

The girls enter carrying a glass of what appears to be orange juice. Mr. Beatty hears them.

MR. BEATTY
Ladies?

MICKEY
Hi. Manley's still sleepin' so
we made you a lil' breakfast
in bed drink.

MR. BEATTY
You didn't have to do that.

NISI
We wanted to.

MICKEY
Yeah, we're really sorry about
last night.

MR. BEATTY
So am I. Have a seat will you?

The girls gently sit on the bed beside him.

MR. BEATTY (CONT'D)
Sometimes, money can do strange
things to people. Things they
wouldn't normally do like lie or
as in the case last night, steal.

(coughing)
Isaac invited you here for his own
selfish reasons. I, however, can't
help but think there was a fee
involved with your visit and I'd
like to pay...

NISI
...a fee? What fee?
(eying Mickey)
We're here because we want to be.

MR. BEATTY
That's all the more reason why
I'd like you to have this.

Mr. Beatty reaches over and gives each of the girls a check.

NISI
(swallowing hard)
Fi-Fifty thousand dollars!?!

MICKEY
Holy shit! I mean, shoot.

MR. BEATTY
I can't thank you enough for
all that you've done for me.

Mickey and Nisi look at each other.

NISI
You don't hafta' to thank us.

MICKEY

We're here cuz we wanta' be.

Mickey reaches for Nisi's check. Holding 100,000 dollars in her hand, she stares at the checks for a beat before ripping the checks in half.

MR. BEATTY

Until this very second, the only person I've ever trusted was my Lily. Thank you for your kindness, your loyalty...your honest.

NISI

C'mon, drink ya juice!

CUT TO:

EXT. BEATTY RESIDENCE - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DUSK

CUT TO:

INT. DEN - FRIDAY EARLY EVENING - LATER

TIGHT on MICKEY as she fights back her tears. WE hear someone crying and CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Nisi. Tears are streaming down her face. WE STAY TIGHT on the girls. O.S. WE HEAR the voice of a man.

MAN (O.S.)

I will always love you and
I'll never forget you.

NISI

(sobbing)

Oh no. Please don't...

MAN (O.S.)

It's time for me to go now...

MICKEY

(sobbing)

Why?

WOMAN (O.S.)

He's going to marry me.

MICKEY

(screaming)

Get out! Get the fuck out!
You conniving little bitch!

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL the girl's are watching "Guiding Love" on television with Manley.

CLOSE UP ON TELEVISION SCREEN

WE SEE Luke is leaving Laura for Gina. Laura is crying.

GINA (O.S.)
You'll have to learn to live
without him because I'm pregnant.

The girls explode with rage. They are cussing the t.v. out.

MICKEY
She lyin' Luke! Gina, don't
let me run into your ass on
the street!
(to Nisi)
I could just knock the living
shit out of that home wrecking
Hussy!

MANLEY
And a bloody Hussy at that!

Just then, a commercial comes on for Fisher Price Toys. Manley quickly re-composes himself. The girls calm down as well, drying their eyes. O.S. an alarm clock rings. Nisi turns it off.

NISI
Time to check on him again.

MICKEY
He should've been up by now.

Just as the girls stand, the phone rings.

MANLEY
Ms. Nisi, I'm certain it's for you.
What shall I tell him this time?

NISI
Tell'em to get a life and lay
off the damn digits!

MANLEY
(answering phone)
Good evening, Beatty Residence?
(listening)
Ah, yes, Ali. The new message,
"is get a life and lay off the
damn digits."

MANLEY (CONT'D)
(listening)

One second please, I'll need a pen.

Manley reaches for a pen and writes down Ali's number.

MANLEY (CONT'D)
Very well. Good day.
(listening)
Well, "peace out to you too."

CUT TO:

INT. MR. BEATTY'S ROOM

The girls enter the room and suddenly exchange victorious smiles. From their POV, WE SEE the glass of orange juice/egg yolks is empty. The girls glance at one another with excitement. Mr. Beatty begins to feel around his hip area as if he were looking for something. Amazed, he sits straight up in the bed.

MR. BEATTY
Would you ladies excuse me for
a second. I have a feeling I'll
be right down.

NISI/MICKEY
Really?

MR. BEATTY
Oh, yeah!
(then)
As a matter of fact, I feel
good enough to dance!

Ecstatic, the girls run out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. THE GATE - NIGHT CLUB

CAMERA IS TIGHT ON THE CORK OF A CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE POPPING.

NISI (O.S.)
Whoa!

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL, a waiter passing the newly opened bottle of Crystal champagne to Nisi. WE SEE Mickey, Mr. Beatty and Manley sitting on the couch beside her. Nisi takes a sip out of the champagne bottle. WE SEE Mickey also has her own bottle of champagne. Mr. Beatty and Manley are sipping on Cranberry juice, enjoying the ambiance. Kickin' back, the girls profile "ghetto"

style as they scan the club. From their POV, WE SEE the majority of people in the crowd are wealthy older couples, dancing to Tony Bennett's greatest hits. The four sit silently for several beats.

MR. BEATTY

Well, unfortunately, I agree with you. There really aren't any prospective fathers to be found here this evening.

(then)

What do you say we get up and dance, anyway?

NISI

Sure. Soon as they play some real music.

MANLEY

Have you a specific preference?

NISI

Yeah. We wanna hear some "2 Pac."

MICKEY

Oh, yeah.

Mr. Beatty gestures for the Manager, PETER. Peter rushes over to their corner.

MR. BEATTY

(to Peter)

We'd like to make a musical request. Have you any "2 Pac?"

PETER

You mean "rap" music?

(off their nods)

Tomorrow is R&B night. I'm afraid Rap music wouldn't appropriate this evening.

(smirk)

If you can even call it, "music."

MR. BEATTY

(sternly)

Who are you leasing this building from, Peter?

PETER

Uh, well, sir, you of course.

MR. BEATTY
Your lease is up in three months,
am I correct?

CUT TO:

INT. D.J. BOOTH

WE SEE A CD SLIDE INTO A CD PLAYER. BASE KICKS IN.

CUT TO:

DANCE FLOOR

The voice of "2 PAC" blasts throughout the room. WE SEE Mickey and Nisi dancing as Mr. Beatty, "shakes a leg or two." Having a blast, it's only a matter of beats before several other people join them on the dance floor.

MR. BEATTY
C'mon, I know you can
do better than that.

Mr. Beatty suddenly cuts loose. Swinging his arms he comes inches away from knocking Mickey out. She ducks, exchanges looks of caution with Nisi and WE CUT BACK TO:

INT. D.J. BOOTH

WE NOW SEE IT'S Manley who's spinning the tunes. Overwhelmed, Manley suddenly grabs the microphone and raps "on beat" to the song. His voice echoes throughout the room.

MANLEY
To the left, to the left...
To the right, to the right...

CUT TO:

DANCE FLOOR

They're all rockin' out. The girls are silently laughing their heads off as Mr. Beatty dances completely out of control. Mickey playfully guides him back toward Nisi. Nisi turns and presses her body firmly against Mr. Beatty. She then begins shaking her booty, "triple time" against Mr. Beatty's crotch. Smiling, Mr. Beatty's hands are flying everywhere. He looks as if he should be shouting "hallelujah!"

From an overload of excitement, Mr. Beatty suddenly breaks out into another dance of his own. With one hand on his chest and the other in the air, the girl's imitate his dance move. He's wobbling all over the place. Copying his dance move, they're all doing the "WOBBLE." It's looks pretty cool.

MICKEY
We doin' the Wobble!

MICKEY/NISI
Go Beatty, go Beatty, go Beatty!
Go, go, go Beatty!

Unknown to the girls, WE SEE Mr. Beatty's knees suddenly buckle beneath him. BONK! The girls see him just as he hits the floor.

NISI
Mr. Beatty, no!

The girls run to pick him up.

MICKEY
Mr. Beatty? Mr. Beatty?!

NISI
(off his silence)
Oh no!

Just then, Mr. Beatty sits up quickly, startling the girls.

MR. BEATTY
I'm okay.

Relieved, they help him up as they all burst into laughter.

NISI
I think it's time to go home.

MR. BEATTY
(like a child)
I don't want to go home!

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER -

Exhausted, Nisi, Mickey, Manley and Mr. Beatty enter the house.

MANLEY
I should like to thank you
all for a splendid evening
and bid you a pleasant night
of sleep.

NISI
Same to ya.

MR. BEATTY
Oh, surely you're not tired
Manley.

MANLEY
Well, sir. I'm afraid this
Rooster is finished rolling
for the evening. Good night.

Manley exits.

MICKEY
We'll hang with 'chou for a while.

MR. BEATTY
You B.A.P.s never seize to
amaze me.

NISI
B.A.P.s?

MR. BEATTY
Black American Princess.
Lily was a B.A.P. too.

NISI
(deep thought)
Lily.

MR. BEATTY
What a lady.

MICKEY
(guilt ridden)
Well, good night.

Ignoring Nisi's pleading not to leave gaze, Mickey quickly kisses
Mr. Beatty on the cheek and exits.

MR. BEATTY
(to Nisi)
If you're tired, I'll understand.

NISI
Oh, no, no, no. I'm fine.

MR. BEATTY
(a beat)
I'm sorry you didn't meet the man
of your dreams.

NISI

I ain't sweatin' it. I had
fun just being with 'chou.

(a beat)

Besides, I've known him
since high school.

MR. BEATTY

Oh?

NISI

His name's, Ali. He's back in New
York. I really love him, ya know?

MR. BEATTY

Do you have a problem with that?

NISI

Yes and no. I mean...he ain't
got no dreams, no drive.

MR. BEATTY

Neither did I.

(off D's look)

It's true. After Lily...
well, to make a long story short,
I gave up on dreams at a very
young age. Fortunately, I
married a woman ridden with
dreams.

(looking around the room)

This is all here because of her.
I had no ambition, no drive.
But she, she had enough ambition
for the both of us. It was only a
matter of time before her passion
inspired me to support her endeavors.

NISI

What'dya mean?

MR. BEATTY

She always dreamt of becoming
a clothing designer. Relentless
in her pursuit of that dream, I
eventually became passionate about
the fabrics used for her designs.

NISI

Wow, is that how you got into
the fabric business?

MR. BEATTY
Absolutely.

NISI
I just wish Ali waz here. It's
like, I want him to see that there
is another world, another life
other than the one we knew back home.

MR. BEATTY
Nisi, all that glitters isn't gold.
Whether it be a dream or something as
foolish as seeking the approval of
others, there is truly no gain worth
the loss of a true love. Some thing's
are priceless. Do you understand
what I'm trying to say?

Visibly moved, Nisi quickly stands.

NISI
(fighting back tears)
Yeah. Thank you.

Nisi stands, kisses Mr. Beatty on the cheek and exits.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM

Nisi storms into the bedroom. Mickey is preparing for bed.

NISI
That's it, we're audi.

MICKEY
What?

NISI
I can't deal with the guilt
anymore and I can't believe that
a man as nice as him is surrounded
with nothin' but people who tried
to use him. Including us.
(a beat)
I feel so ashamed, embarrassed.

MICKEY
I know. Why you think I got
up and left?

NISI
We shoulda' been left.

Nisi begins packing her belongings.

MICKEY
Don't you think we should
at least tell him good-bye.

NISI
We can't. He's gonna ask us
why we're leavin' and I don't
have the guts to look him
in the face and tell him our
whole visit's just part of
Isaac's big lie.

(then)
We'll write him a letter and
tell'em everything. The truth.

MICKEY
Everything?

NISI
I don't want him goin' to his
grave believin' I waz someone
I ain't.

MICKEY
I hear you.
(then)
When you wanna leave?

Mickey and Nisi look at the clock. It's 11:15 p.m.

NISI
Call the airport. See what time
the next flight leaves for New York
tomorrow morning.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEATTY'S RESIDENCE - NEXT DAY - ESTABLISHING SHOT

CUT TO:

INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM

TIGHT ON A ENVELOPE WITH MR. BEATTY'S NAME ON IT. CAMERA PULLS
BACK TO REVEAL Mickey and Nisi sleeping. WE HOLD on the girls for
several beats until Nisi's eyes open. She stares dismally at the

ceiling.

NISI
Mickey? Mickey wake up.

MICKEY
(groggy)
I'm up. What time is it?

Nisi looks at the clock, it reads 11:30 a.m.

NISI
Eleven thirty. Our plane leaves
in four hours.
(then)
Feel like workin' out? I need
to clear my head.

MICKEY
You go ahead, I'ma go back to sleep.
(then)
Hey, D? Where we gonna go when
we get off the plane? We ain't
got no money no apartment, nothin'.
We worse now than when we started.

NISI
(a beat)
Maybe. Maybe not. Something's
are priceless, ya know?

CUT TO:

INT. BALL ROOM

Nisi enters the ball room with water in hand. Stepping up to the mirror, she examines herself. Her face, her hands, etc... She begins stretching. Deep in thought, she moves softly and slowly. Just then, Toni Braxton's song "You mean the world to me" fills the room. Frustrated, Nisi runs to the intercom and presses the button.

NISI
(into speaker)
Mickey? Mickey, would you take that
CD out?! You know that used'a be me
and Ali's song and I don't wanna
hear it!

There's no response. Hopeless, Nisi turns away from the speaker to find ALI standing directly in front of her. Before she can say a word, he puts a card in her hand.

TIGHT ON THE CARD, WE SEE IT'S HIS NEW YORK DRIVER'S LICENSE.

ALI
I took your advice and decided
to "help" myself.

Nisi is speechless.

ALI
Now I'm workin' hard on gettin'
a life" but, without you in it, baby...

NISI
Ali? What...I mean, how'd you
get here? How'd yo find me.

ALI
I got a phone call late last night
from Mr. Beatty. He insisted
we come right away.

NISI
We? Jame's is here too?

ALI
Yep.
(then)
I don't know where you wanna go,
if you wanna stay here, go home
or what. All I know is. I've had
one dream and one dream only since
High school...
(swallowing)
I just wanna be with'chou.

NISI
(teary eyed)
But...

ALI
Shh.
(off her silence)
They're playin' our song.

Ali takes Nisi in his arms. Slowly, they begin to dance. As the
music continues to play WE CUT TO:

INT. MR. BEATTY'S ROOM - MOS

TIGHT ON PANIC BUTTON, WE SEE Mr. Beatty's trembling hand slowly
reaches INTO FRAME as he attempts to press the button.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEATTY RESIDENCE

Mickey and James walk hand in hand through the garden. James picks a rose from a nearby bush and gives it to Mickey. They kiss.

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM

Ali and Nisi are dancing toe to toe, nose to nose. A look of strength and serenity gleams brightly in Nisi's eyes. WE HOLD on them for several beats.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. BEATTY'S ROOM

Visibly becoming weaker, WE SEE the panic button fall out of Mr. Beatty's hand and onto the floor. Manley frantically bursts into the room.

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM

Nisi and Ali are passionately making out and kissing as their bodies now move as one to the music.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEATTY RESIDENCE

WE SEE an ambulance with sirens spinning as they speed out of the driveway.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEATTY RESIDENCE - GARDEN

Mickey and James are rolling in the grass like children in love. Just then, Mickey stops, hears the sirens and makes a mad dash for the house, followed by James. THE SONG FINISHES AND WE CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM

Still embraced, Nisi and Ali stare at one another lovingly. Just then, Mickey's voice blares through the intercom.

MICKEY (O.S.)
Nisi!?! Hurry! They just
took Mr. Beatty to the hospital.

Off Nisi's look of panic, WE CUT TO:

EXT. CEDAR'S SINAI - ESTABLISHING SHOT -

INT. CEDAR'S SINAI

Ali and James quickly follow Mickey and Nisi down the corridor. They see Manley standing in front of a closed door. Isaac sadly exits the room. He stares at the girls for several beats before reaching into his pocket and removing his a check. Nisi snatches the check.

NISI
Let's get one thing straight,
you're here for money, not us.
It's hard for me to believe that
a man as nice as Mr. Beatty could
be related to low life, no good...

ISAAC
...speaking of relatives? How's
Lilly?!

Appalled, Manley lifts his fists in preparation to punch Isaac in the face. Before Manley can complete his punch, Nisi jumps in front of him and clocks Isaac square in the mouth. In shock, Isaac is about to return the hit until Ali defiantly steps in front of Denise. Just then, Tracy opens the room door. Mickey and Nisi lock eyes with Tracy for several beats.

TRACY
I'm sorry.

Off Tracy's words, Nisi and Mickey run into the room. Tracy follows them. WE SEE Mr. Beatty as he lies on the bed, resting in peace. Stunned, the girls stare at him for several beats.

NISI
(crying)
God. I never, I never got
to tell him...

TRACY
...about Lilly?
(then)
You didn't have to. He already
knew. You see, Lilly never had
any children. Very few people

TRACY (CONT'D)
know that... Lilly died a sudden
death just a year after Mr. Beatty's
wedding.

NISI
What? I can't believe he waz
frontin' too?!

TRACY
More like having "fun" with you.
(smiling warmly)
Your energy kept him alive.
He valued your friendship.

CUT TO:

INT. BEATTY'S RESIDENCE - FOYER

TIGHT ON Mickey and Nisi's overstuffed luggage. CAMERA PULLS BACK
TO REVEAL Manley, Mickey, Nisi, Ali and James, exchanging good-
byes.

MANLEY
I bid you a pleasant flight.
(teary eyed)
You'll be missed.

NISI
Yeah. You too.

Manley extends his hand to Nisi. She looks at it for a beat and
embraces him instead.

NISI
Thanks for everything.

MICKEY
(embracing him)
We'll miss you...Manley.

MANLEY
(swallowing hard)
Alfred will do nicely, thank you.

NISI
Well, I guess we should get goin'.

TRACY (O.S.)
No. Not yet.

They all turn to see Tracy as she steps out of the library and into

the foyer.

TRACY
This will only take a second.
Please, follow me.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY

They're all sitting in the library and watching Tracy as she removes a piece of paper from an envelope. WE SEE Issac is sits proudly behind the large oak desk, with a smirk on his face. Opening the sheet of paper, Tracy reads it aloud.

TRACY
I, Donald Woodrow Beatty being
of sound heart and mind, hereby
bequeath...

TRACY CONTINUES TO READ THE WILL. SUDDENLY, SOUND INSTANTLY FADES TO MOS AND WE SEE: Isaac jump straight out of his seat, ridden with rage. Simultaneously, Mickey and Nisi gasp with disbelief. WE HOLD ON the girls as they jump up and down with joy. Equally surprised, Ali and James embrace the girls. Isaac storms out of the room

RAP MUSIC KICKS IN and WE CUT TO:

EXT. RODEO DRIVE - TIME LAPSE -

CAMERA PANS DOWN RODEO DRIVE UNTIL IT FINDS A CHIC BUILDING WITH A NEON SIGN THAT READS: "D&M'S SOUL DOOS & DINING" - "GRAND OPENING."

CAMERA PANS DOWN AND PULLS BACK TO REVEAL the street is packed with customers entering and leaving the "salonaurant."

WE SEE a fleet of bright colored, bouncing, "luxury" gypsy cabs parked along the curb, directly in front of the salonaraunt. Billboards attached to the roof of the cars read:

"QUICK AS A FLY, FASTER THAN A BEE
LEAVE THE DRIVIN' TO US
SIR JAMES & ALI."

WE SEE James step out of the driver's seat of a purple, bouncing BMW. He's wearing a bath robe over his bare chest and satin boxer shorts. WE FOLLOW James as he opens the back door. MUHAMMAD ALI steps out of the car.

CUT TO:

TIGHT ON A PINK VOLVO as it pulls into frame. Wearing his "boxing/chauffeur" uniform Ali proudly hops out of the car. WE FOLLOW Ali as he air boxes and "pimp" walks to the passenger's side of his car. He opens the door. CAMERA PANS DOWN just in time to find the feet of three women, stepping onto the curb. They're wearing "come do me today" Versace pumps. CAMERA SLOWLY PANS UP their sexy legs, skin tight Versace dresses UNTIL WE FINALLY SEE the faces of Nisi, Mickey and the "new" Tracy, profilin' ghetto-style with a "soul-doo".

CUT TO:

INT. D&M's SOUL DOO'S & DINING

The place is packed. Marvin Gaye's "Let's Get It On," softly fills the room. As Mickey, Nisi and Tracy enter, they're graciously greeted by Spago's "ex" Maitre'd. The girls proudly scan the room and from their POV, WE SEE VINCENT (ex-Barney's salon host) as he enters the restaurant area through a door in the back. He's being followed by a pack of "soul-styled-well-groomed" women, including THE QUEEN MOTHER. Manley meets Vincent half way and graciously leads the pack of women to their tables, where their dates comfortably await them. After sitting the ladies, Manley spots Nisi, Mickey and Tracy. He rushes over to them.

MANLEY

(excited)

The bloody phones won't stop ringing.
We've received calls from
Entertainment Tonight, Hard Copy,
BET, MTV and the list goes on.
They want an exclusive on the Grand
Opening in New York next month.

NISI

(to Tracy)

What'dya think, Trey-Trey?

TRACY

Give BET New York. MTV can cover
the Chicago opening, Hard Copy and
ET can...

As Tracy continues to delegate the exclusives to Manley, her voice trails off. CAMERA FOCUSES ON MICKEY AND NISI as they stand, well poised, admiring their creation. Simultaneously, they turn toward one another, smile and exchange high fives.

NISI/MICKEY

(exploding w/excitement)

PINCH ME!!!

WE FADE OUT AND CREDITS ROLL...